

The Nation.

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The Week.

That Secretary Root is anxious to remove every outstanding difference with Canada has long been known. He himself made public declaration of that hope a year ago. Consequently, his visit to the Governor-General at Ottawa, arranged for the end of this week, arouses great expectations. It would be comparatively easy to negotiate a treaty covering all the points at issue, but the pinch would come in securing its ratification by the Senate. But Mr. Root is so excellent a man of business, with so unusual a talent for dealing practically with Congress, that his trip to Canada may signify that he has made his plans with the Senate. That body has earned the name of the graveyard of treaties. Possibly, Mr. Root may enter it in the guise of a resurrectionist.

It is a somewhat misleading use of the term "contract," to apply it to the system of building the Panama Canal, for which bids were opened on Saturday. The "contractors," under the method adopted, are nothing but agents of the Government. They do not undertake to complete the work in a given time or at a given price. All that they bind themselves to do is to put the actual work through with a profit to themselves of a fixed per cent.—6.75 was the rate of the lowest bidder—of the actual cost. The only spur to the contractor's speed and economy is a share of the amount saved under the estimates of the engineers. Manifestly, this is something very different from the original idea of the Government turning over the whole affair to private contractors. The ultimate responsibility and financial liability remain wholly with the Government. So long as the engineering features continue uncertain, it is, of course, doubtful if any other form of bid could have been had at all.

If there is such a thing as Roosevelt hysteria, the possibility of an anti-Roosevelt hysteria must also be recognized. Certain Congressmen appear to be falling into it. They are reported to be preparing a joint resolution requiring the President to file with Congress a copy of every Executive order, with a citation of the law warranting it. They also would "create a commission of distinguished lawyers to report on the President's acts and orders." If this is not merely a joke, or political malice, it must be set down as sheer panic and

folly. If Executive usurpation is bad, Senatorial usurpation is worse. Not by any such niggling interference of one branch of government with another can the free play of each, within its sphere, be maintained. The President is responsible—first to his own conscience, then to his oath of office, afterwards to the Congress that may impeach him, and always to the people. But the idea that he can be made to act as if under a watchman's detector, or compelled to send in word of his movements hourly, like a patrolman, is too absurd for discussion. Let the opponents of the President beware lest, in revolt against Roosevelt idolatry, they fall into anti-Roosevelt idiocy.

President Roosevelt has receded from his illegal ruling that the discharged soldiers of the Twenty-fifth Infantry should be forever ineligible to civil employment by the Government. His mistake he admits frankly, in his message of Monday; but he insists that the men shall be barred from the army unless they can prove to his satisfaction that they are guilty neither of committing the crime nor of shielding the criminals. The President transmits with his message additional evidence in support of the contention that some of the soldiers took part in the riot. As evidence collected by the Constitutional League points to a different conclusion, the court-martial of the two officers of the Twenty-fifth now under charges, and the proposed investigation by the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, are plainly more than ever needed, in order to establish the facts so clearly that nobody can hereafter question them. The Assistant Attorney-General, who collected the new evidence at Brownsville, held his hearings in secret. What is now needed is a public investigation, with opportunities for cross-examining the witnesses.

The choice of William Alden Smith as Senator from Michigan, adds another to the group of vigorous and able men who are gradually dividing attention with the old ruling coterie in the Senate. Mr. Smith's promotion is of peculiar interest, because he has been a typical member of the House. For all his disposition to insurgency, he has had the faculty of voicing the sentiment of the mass of his colleagues at critical moments more effectively than almost any other member. His speech at the time of the postal scandals, maintaining the honor of the House and incidentally nominating Speaker Cannon for the Presidency, is still remembered, and ranked with Cannon's own defiance

of the Senate in the closing hours of the session before his Speakership. It might be said by the uncharitable that Michigan could not very well avoid strengthening her representation in filling the present vacancy. In this case, however, she has chosen a man of real strength and ability as well as more than the average measure of independence. Of course, he is a stiff protectionist and a valiant champion of the Michigan beet, but if we must have that kind, Smith in the seat of Alger means at least a marked personal gain.

Passage by the Senate last Friday, practically without debate and with no opposition, of a service-pension bill, does not mean that the measure will be accepted by the House. Probably there is no intention that the bill be made law at present. The Senate's action is partly for buncombe, partly to give a certain prestige to the bill in preparation for passing it in the next Congress. That this sort of legislative game is unhappy, can hardly be denied; but what we would particularly point out is the way in which this ominous reappearance of the service-pension bill gives the lie to the advocates of the half-way measures that were designed as a permanent settlement. In fact, the chief argument used in behalf of the dependent-pension and the disability-pension, as also in defence of President Roosevelt's famous executive order, was that only by such concessions could you stave off the service-pension. That would be a terribly vicious law, it was admitted, and in order to avoid it we were justified in accepting measures only trivially vicious. Well, we got those, and now we are in a fair way to get the other. It is a fine illustration of the real working of the political doctrine, now so much in vogue, that to give the tiger a taste of blood is the sure way to make him a vegetarian.

By passing the Crumpacker "fraud order bill," the House has put itself on record in favor of giving legal redress to any person or corporation unjustly deprived of the right to use the United States mails. That bill provides that mail addressed to the person or firm against which the fraud order is issued, instead of being stamped "fraudulent" and returned at once to the senders, shall be held in the post office for fifteen days before being sent back. In that period the person concerned may begin proceedings in the Circuit Court, furnishing a bond to pay the entire costs of the action in case the fraud order is finally held to be valid. While there is little probability of new postal legisla-

tion by the present Congress, this action by the House is likely to be only the first step in a campaign for the abrogation of the arbitrary power which changed conditions without changed laws have lodged in the Post Office Department. Under the existing law and practice, the use of the mails, like the enjoyment of second-class rates by a periodical, is not a right, but a privilege, and it is a privilege revocable practically at the will of certain administrative officials. There are "hearings" of a sort, to be sure. But the Assistant Attorney-General, who listens to the arguments, is the same official who has previously examined the evidence collected by the post office inspectors and pronounced it sufficient to warrant the fraud order. No appeal is allowed; for the courts lack jurisdiction. We are far from sharing the views of those extremists who see in every ruling against a "mail-order journal" a perilous infringement of the freedom of the press, or in every fraud order against some grandiloquent promoter an interference with legitimate business. For all his inconsistent and capricious rulings, the execrated Mr. Madden has done good work in purging the second-class lists of a large number of publications which never had a shadow of right to be there, and which all the court reviews in the world would not have helped. The fraud order meets exactly the need for a method of dealing with the almost innumerable concerns, large and small, which are just, on the verge of criminality. But it ought not to be said with even the semblance of truth that this Government maintains methods for destroying any citizen's business without due process of law.

Gov. Hughes's first appointments are further evidence that his policy is to be bold and independent. For the old machine and its place-hunters he cares nothing. In his most important choice, that of Frederick C. Stevens, former Senator from Wyoming County, for Superintendent of Public Works, he takes a man whom Gov. Higgins and the Wadsworths—Congressman and Speaker—had made extraordinary efforts to eliminate from politics. Charles Hallam Keep of Buffalo, the new Superintendent of Banks, is recommended by his competency, not by his activity as a politician. Benjamin E. Hall, who is to be a State Tax Commissioner in place of that machine hack, William Halpin, has the endorsement of such men as Seth Low. Of William Leary, State Superintendent of Elections for the Metropolitan District, we know less that is favorable; but, at any rate, he is not the man, Louis M. Swasey, whom Woodruff picked out and whom Gov. Higgins appointed in the latter part of December. The significance of the appointments is not wholly in the character of the men,

nor in the fact that Mr. Stevens, for example, has made an enviable record for intelligence and courage. The main point is that Mr. Hughes has served notice that he is a Governor acting in the interests of the people. His purpose is to strengthen his party, not by feeding "the boys" at the public trough, but by administering his office so as to command popular confidence.

Col. H. O. S. Heistand, who lectured in this city last week on the Chinese as he saw them during the Peking troubles, punctured an old fallacy when he said that cheap Chinese labor would not remain cheap very long after entering this country. Cheap Irish labor was a political bugbear during the days of the great exodus from Ireland. During the Civil War there was great fear, even among Abolitionists, lest the newly freed slaves move North in a body and ruin the laboring man by accepting low wages. In both cases these sinister expectations were found to be groundless. The hordes of Italians and Slavic immigrants that pour through our gates to-day live on a few cents a day at home, but have no difficulty in adjusting themselves to our higher wage-scale. Take Westchester County. It is full of Italian laborers, who have crowded out the Irishmen that used to do the unskilled work of the county. There is considerable feeling against them in the community because they are foreigners, but no charges that they lower wages. And from people who employ Japanese and Chinese servants in this city we hear frequently that they are admirable servitors, but "far too expensive" for the ordinary family. To the \$60-a-month Chinese butler, the \$20-a-month Irish servant girl is a cheap laborer of an obnoxious kind.

Certain statements in the latest Papal encyclical are puzzling, in that they call into question what seems to be recognized as established fact. The document says:

To obviate worse evils the Church might have tolerated making declarations, but laying down that the clergy shall be only occupants without any legal status, . . . placed them in such a vague and humiliating position that the making of declarations could not be accepted.

Yet Article 2 of the supplementary Briand law gives this legal status by declaring:

The free use [of public religious edifices] may be granted either to associations formed under the law of July 1, 1901, or to ministers of religion named in the declarations prescribed by Article 25 of the law of September 9, 1905. The grant of such free use shall be by administrative act.

Again the encyclical goes on to say:

There is uncertainty whether the churches, which are always liable to disaffection,

shall or shall not in the *meanwhile* be at the disposal of the clergy and the faithful.

But the same Article 2 of the Briand law stipulates:

The edifices and their furniture shall continue to be left, until their regular disaffection, at the disposition of the faithful and of the ministers of religion for the practice of their faith.

We recognize, of course, that every law has its spirit as well as its form, and that in its interpretation of the spirit of the present legislation the Vatican may be justified in assuming a certain measure of hostility on the part of the Government. But the question is not one of reciprocal feeling or *amour propre*, but of policy. The Government has made certain offers; can Rome accept them? We believe that in the Papal wording, "The Church might have tolerated making declarations," there is indication of a possible yielding and *rapprochement*.

In its contest with the Papacy, the French Government profits to some extent by the anti-clerical agitation in other countries, notably in Italy and Spain. It is not only that each country is prevented by cares of its own from taking sides in the French quarrel, but that the prevalence of a general anti-Church movement, in which even Germany and Great Britain may be included, tends to free the French Government from the odium of being the unique persecutor of religion in Europe. Nevertheless, it is well to differentiate between anti-clericalism in France and the other Latin countries. In France the movement is carried on by a Government which represents undoubtedly a majority of the nation, and which views the question as one of fundamental state policy. In Spain and Italy anti-clericalism is as yet in the minority, and is largely a form of political tactics. In both countries it tends to go hand in hand with anti-monarchist views. Bilbao, the latest scene of anti-clerical riots, has long been a hotbed of Spanish republicanism. In the same way, it appears that the recent great demonstration in Rome in favor of the French Government was signalized by as many cries of "Down with Giolitti!" as of "Long live anti-clerical France!" It has been pointed out how dangerous it would be for the French Government to express formal sympathy with the Italian anti-Church parties, who at the same time are working against the dynasty which, to many, stands as the guarantee of Italian unity.

The assassination of "Hangman" Pavloff at St. Petersburg affords new evidence of the fact that absolutism in Russia is now confronted with terrorism systematized. This was not the case till recently. The vengeance of the rev-

olutionaries might be frequently visited on high officials throughout the empire, but such attacks were, on the whole, sporadic, unconnected, and the outcome of personal initiative. There were not the precision, the rapidity, the dread effectiveness that mark the new terrorist campaign. The object aimed at, and certainly attained in part, would seem to be not so much the removal of this or that enemy of progress as the creation of a state of nervous debility throughout the ranks of reaction. Ignatieff, Von Launitz, Pavloff—the three blows have fallen almost in rhythmic succession, like the measured drops of water on Poe's prisoner of the Inquisition, and have undoubtedly served to arouse that horror by anticipation which is so much worse than reality. Who next? Is the question in the nation's mind; for anybody and everybody is seen now to be defenceless against terrorist resourcefulness and devotion. What ultimate aim inspires this campaign? It appears to be not mere vengeance, or the purpose of driving the Government to abandon its repressive course in the present electoral campaign, or even the hope of gaining greater liberties for the Duma to come. The great object is to create a state of panic that will drive the Government to measures of—suicide. Probably the revolutionaries would regard the election of a conservative Duma with more satisfaction than a radical Duma. It would make the issues clear by demonstrating the absolute incompatibility of monarchy, at least a Romanoff monarchy, and the real wants and needs of the people. And in the same way, the revolutionaries might welcome the abrogation of such liberties as have been conceded, and the establishment of a dictatorship. It would draw the line sharply between the autocracy and its opponents; parties would merge into one great revolutionary party. To such an end the terrorists seem to be working. They would destroy the autocracy by making it mad.

In Persia a new reign and a new régime have begun almost simultaneously. Mohammed Ali Mirza succeeds his father as Shah and King of Kings, under extremely favorable auspices. Persia is the second nation within a few years to shatter rudely our established notions regarding the Orient and Oriental capacity for political progress. The constitutional machinery that has been put in motion seems to be working well. The very fact that the first step taken by the new Legislative Assembly was to quarrel with the Crown over the establishment of an upper house with revisionary powers, is a good sign. That is the way young parliaments always begin. In the new monarch's reported conservative tendencies we believe there is little cause for alarm. Indeed, it is a

testimonial to his straightforward character that he should have entered during his father's lifetime into a contest with the Assembly, for the purpose of permanently defining the character of the new Parliament, when by waiting a few weeks he was sure to occupy a stronger vantage point as occupant of the throne. The reported agreement of some weeks ago between Great Britain and Russia over their relations in Persia should greatly facilitate the development of the country under its liberalized government. Japan and Persia modernized in government, China preparing to follow their examples—will it be Turkey soon?

Perhaps no better testimony could be given to the sincerity of the Chinese Government in its anti-opium crusade than the reported action of British merchants, who are planning to exact from the Government compensation for the losses they are bound to suffer under the new opium regulations. Were the opium reform, like so many other reports that come up "like thunder out of China," destined to turn out a mere passing cloud, the opium-importing interests would not thus bestir themselves. Positive evidence to the same effect is supplied by telegrams from Peking that in the province of Chi-li, and especially in the city of Tien-tsin, the opium dens are being closed "ruthlessly." The complete suppression of the traffic, which it is planned to bring about in ten years, will mean a yearly revenue loss of \$3,600,000 to the central Government and twice that amount to the provinces. The annual duties on Indian opium amount to over \$4,000,000. Importation is also to disappear in ten years, and proposals looking towards that end have been laid by the Chinese Government before the British Foreign Secretary. The two leading demands are for the doubling of the present import duty on Indian opium, as determined by an agreement between the Governments concluded in 1885, and the dispatch of a Chinese official to Calcutta to investigate and supervise the traffic. British opinion regards the first proposal, which would make the tax about 35 per cent., as very reasonable. The other point, it thinks, cannot be conceded.

"His literary output was very small for a man of his mental calibre." This sentence occurs in an obituary notice of the late Principal Robert Rainy of Edinburgh. It is a delicious because unconscious testimony to the prevalence of the idea in the world to-day that the chief end of man is to write books. Great mental powers, but only a few volumes left behind! An absolute contradiction in terms! Man is a writing animal. That is the really up-to-date definition. Not to live up to it is

the great reproach. You have passed your days in working and thinking and strengthening your character and doing good; but not one book to your credit with the recording angel! The harvest is past; the summer is ended, and you have not a single historical novel, not even a short story, to show for it all! Sinful readers should meditate on these things.

No nation, we suppose, is so solicitous for art and letters as France; so that every experiment she makes in their cherishing and cultivation deserves respectful attention. The latest is the proposal of a "Maison des Artistes et des Littérateurs." Some of the best names of France are furthering the plan—Rodin and Bonnat, Coppée and Rostand, to cite only specimens. They apparently got their idea from a sort of phalanstery of art established at Créteil, near Paris. There a former abbey has been taken over by a group of young men, who have set up a printing press as their means of support. Six hours a day is work enough to make sure of bread and butter; and the rest of the time these modern successors to the old monks give each to his painting, his statue, his book, his sonnet. A more ambitious affair is now projected: If the institution comes up to expectations, it will be a combined asylum, hospital, art gallery, library, and forcing-house of genius—all for the greater glory of French art and literature. One is loath to question so engaging a proposal made by men so eminent, but haggard doubts will thrust themselves in. There is, for example, the old difficulty of knowing your genius when you see him. The demonic youth you have especially selected as a candidate for the phalanstery, may prove to be possessed only by the devil of vanity. Furthermore, leaving the *jeunes* out of it, what are we to think of the theory that active and successful workers, in art and literature, would be happy in constant association with each other? We cannot, at the moment, recall any book on "The Loves of Authors." Artists have the reputation of being an *irritable genus*. Instead, therefore, of the French phalanstery being a scene of harmony and deep peace, conducive to the free play of the creative faculties, might it not easily become a place of endless and acrimonious dispute, emulating that "gnashing of teeth" which was said to characterize Rogers's literary breakfasts? It is to be feared that many a French Scott would be glad to slip away from the society of his Wordsworth in the phalanstery, to take his ease in his inn. Brook Farm was not unalloyed bliss. There was backbiting at Mrs. Botta's suppers. Irving repelled the bore by falling asleep. For the rest, *vide* the "Fable for Critics."

LEADERSHIP IN A DEMOCRACY.

Representative Charles E. Littlefield of Maine has a born faculty of stirring things up, and he is again the object of much muttered and some outspoken wrath on the part of colleagues in Washington. His latest offence is that, in a recent speech before the American Founders' Association, he uncovered the attitude of these Representatives towards pending labor legislation. The Gilbert anti-injunction bill is before the Judiciary Committee. Nearly all of its members are, Mr. Littlefield asserted, strongly against the measure, which they believe to be both unconstitutional and pernicious. Speaker Cannon is stoutly opposed to the bill, holding vigorous language about it which "would require asbestos for its proper preservation." He asked Mr. Littlefield to see if an adverse report could not be had from the committee, so that the bill might be debated and the people be made to "understand what this legislation is that Gompers and his friends demand." Thereupon, the Maine Congressman made a canvass of the committee, but found only one man, R. W. Parker of New Jersey, willing to stand up openly and state his convictions. In private, a clear majority of the House is against this vicious class legislation, but Mr. Littlefield believes that if the bill were pressed to passage, it would go through by an overwhelming vote, simply because there is not courage enough to antagonize the Federation of Labor, even in a matter of vital principle.

For the precise accuracy of all this, we cannot vouch. That the situation is, however, substantially as stated, we have no doubt. The bill will probably be smothered in committee; or, if passed by the House for political effect, will perish in the Senate. A full public debate on its merits, we are not likely to see. There is the same sort of implied terrorism and coercion in the case of this anti-injunction bill as we have just seen in England in the instance of the Trades Disputes Bill. That law was disliked or dreaded by some of the clearest heads in the Commons; it was absolutely loathed by the House of Lords; yet it was enacted practically without opposition. It is again not the particular measure which we are concerned with, so much as the abdication of leadership by the representatives of the people. For that is what it comes to. A led democracy is the ideal and the hope of our government; but if the leaders will not lead, what protection have we against the passions of the hour and mob rule? If those who are in their hearts persuaded that a proposed law is full of injustice and peril, cringe and hide when they should boldly expose and denounce, we might as well send phonographs to Congress as such men.

The obligation of a man chosen as a

political leader consists, first, in a fitting sense of duty to himself. He has his own intellect to satisfy, his own conscience to obey. No theory of the "mandate," or of making one's self merely an echo of the wishes of constituents, can excuse a representative from following his own inner light. He is not in Congress as the slavish mouth-piece of his district, or of any set of men in it; he is there as an umpire of right and wrong as affecting the whole country; he is delegated to exercise his best judgment and cling to his deepest moral convictions, in every new question that comes up. In a word, if he is a true leader, he is not forever waiting to get instructions, but he is anxious to give instruction. This was the spirit in which Burke resented the attempt of his Bristol electors to tell him how he should vote in Parliament. The same note of proud responsibility was in Webster's voice when he declined to take orders from the Massachusetts Legislature. And Garfield, when he was elected Senator, rose to the full stature of a democratic leader in saying to the Legislature that he should hope to serve and please the people of Ohio, but that they must understand that his first and most imperative duty would be to make his public acts square with the private convictions of one James A. Garfield.

Furthermore, how can the people be expected to think clearly if those who do think clearly run away from their own opinions, and will do nothing to shape public opinion? How can voters be made discerning and courageous, if representatives show themselves cowardly? This duty of a leader to show a good example and sound ideas to those who put him forward, is of the essence of representative government. We put in office a man who has exhibited notable qualities—powers of debate, of analysis, a gift for enlightenment of the public—and then the growing fashion is to suppose that he will thereafter have no more mind of his own than a man-ikin. And this is said to magnify the sovereignty of the people! It is really to degrade it. A people that cannot bear to have the truth told to it, that prefers dummies to men, will not long have a sovereignty worth anything. Representatives who fail to fling themselves against popular delusion and prejudice are doing what they can to cheapen the verdicts of the people. They give fresh point to Canning's old gibe: "You talk about depending upon the sense of the nation; give me the *nonsense* of the nation, and I will beat you hollow."

But how about winning a reelection? Well, man shall not live by office alone. It is not absolutely necessary that a Representative, or even a Cabinet officer, put up with affronts and sacrifice his personal dignity, in order to keep on being called Honorable. We believe that, as a matter of fact, the people still like

a man who is not "afear'd," and that they will not punish him for telling them unpleasant truths; yet if they do, the leader's duty is no less clear. He must speak his own mind, he must utter the word which he feels to be necessary; and whether reward comes or penalty befalls, he will at least have been true to his obligations as a leader.

HARRIMAN AND LAISSEZ-FAIRE.

The revelation that Edward H. Harriman has used the Union Pacific as a huge engine for speculating in Wall Street has provoked the advocates of government ownership of railways into fresh outcries: "We told you so. There's nothing for it but our plan. All other ways madness lies." This kind of agitation, based on undisputed facts as to gross mismanagement of railways, is beginning to get on the nerves of our soberest and most conservative men. They sigh wearily, and admit that from Harriman and the Rockefellers and the rebates the radicals have drawn politically effective arguments against private ownership. Ergo, we are on the verge of large extension of government power over corporations; we have abandoned the doctrine of *laissez-faire*. At the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science no less an authority than Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale seemed to assume that the doctrine was dead and ready for burial; all he wanted to know was who killed it, and why.

In the face of this general agreement among friends and enemies of *laissez-faire* that this former darling of orthodox economists has come to a timely end, we are doubtless rash in suggesting that life is not yet extinct, and that the funeral may as well be postponed for a few days. We hasten to grant that in recent years in America functions of government have been much developed, notably in the line of control over corporations. Laws still more drastic and far-reaching are likely in the not distant future. This movement seems at first glance to be away from the doctrine of *laissez-faire*; but the superficial appearance may deceive us.

More than fifteen years ago, in "The American Commonwealth," James Bryce noted the tendency which is now so apparent to all of us. "The doctrine of *laissez-faire*, or non-interference by government with the citizen," said he, "has two foundations, which may be called the sentimental and the rational." The sentimental ground, as he explained, is the desire of men to be let alone, to do as they please; the rational, the principle that interference more often does harm than good—that is, men left to themselves, to their natural collision and co-operation, are likely to work out a happier result than would be attained by the "conscious endeavor of the state."

In fine, both the sentimental and the rational ground set up the ideal of free play for the individual. Whatever interferes with this runs counter to the theory of *laissez-faire*.

When the term was first used in France the individual was—broadly speaking—hampered by three things: the privileges of the aristocracy, monopolies authorized by government, and the meddling of government itself. Under this system the abuses and oppressions had become so frightful that *laissez-faire* became the watchword of champions of liberty, both in Europe and America. The phrase became almost sacred; and any law which seemed in the remotest degree to restrict the individual was a target for the fiercest attacks from men whose experience had inspired them with a wholesome dread of arbitrary authority.

That there has been a swing away from this passionate adherence to the dogma, no one can deny. So long ago as 1884 Herbert Spencer, in "The Man versus the State," observed: "Nowadays, however, the worst punishment to be looked for by one who questions its [government's] omnipotence, is that he will be reviled as a reactionary who talks *laissez-faire*." Yet this ebbing faith in *laissez-faire* should not be confused with sincere attempts to apply the theory to modern conditions. We have abolished the privileges of aristocracy and royal monopoly; but we have developed a new *imperium in imperio* against which the individual must still contend—the corporation. For example, the railway has in its territory a practical monopoly, and thus an enormous power over the fortunes, the happiness, and even the lives of individuals. The railway manager of the old school thought of the line as his private property—"the public be damned." But it is a strict application of the doctrine of *laissez-faire*, not a destruction of it, to check this railway magnate with his discriminations and his petty extortions, so that the individuals whom he serves as common carrier may have a free competition in which the best may win. It is no more legitimate for a railway than for an aristocracy to lay intolerable burdens on the individual. So with other corporations. There must be some limit to their powers of action, or the individual would be helpless. Harri-man in Wall Street, with his fifty-odd millions from the Union Pacific treasury, and the unlimited credit of the Union Pacific at his back, is the feudal lord of our *ancien régime*, crushing the individual by an irresistible weight. And the régime which thus tramples on our doctrine of *laissez-faire* must go.

If in saying this we are classed by Professor Fisher among those who have abandoned the old faith, we shall not quarrel about definitions. All we want is to have every man, white, yellow, and

black, get his chance. The attempt to clip the wings of corporations, to limit their activities by strict law, will almost inevitably be carried to excess; and against such haste and zeal we must constantly guard. Even corporations have their rights. Our preference is for testing present statutes to the utmost, and then advancing slowly and cautiously where the need for amendment is plain. We hold—and the whole history of legislation supports the view—that between careful regulation and actual government ownership, there is a wide gulf which we are yet a long way from crossing. We have still many other experiments to try; many resources not yet drawn upon.

But that, through a mistaken devotion to the word rather than the spirit of *laissez-faire*, we should let Mr. Harri-man or any of his kind run amuck through this community, is unthinkable. Discussion and debate will clarify our minds. Many plain people, instructed by our various investigations, already understand that railways, telephone and telegraph lines, banks and insurance companies are not, like ordinary shops, private affairs; but that they must in many ways be treated as public institutions. Their books and accounts are properly open to the scrutiny of public officials; their business must keep within set channels; their funds must be employed for specified purposes; their officers must move in a circumscribed sphere. To the full realization of these facts some of our unscrupulous captains of industry, in Wall Street and out, have not yet arrived. They plead the protection of *laissez-faire*. So did the buccaneers.

THE REPORT ON CITIZENSHIP.

In dealing with naturalization and citizenship, the well-defined and intelligent policy of the State Department, initiated by Secretary Hay, has been pursued by Secretary Root. Early in 1905, Mr. Hay's report on naturalization was sent to Congress. It set forth the deplorable conditions which had arisen from our loosely constructed naturalization laws, and the careless and corrupt manner in which they had been administered. In the recess of Congress, the naturalization commission was created, and it prepared an exhaustive report. A new and comprehensive bill, earnestly advocated by Secretary Root, was passed at the last session of Congress, and the question of naturalization may therefore be said to be settled for the present; but the questions of citizenship by birth, descent, or marriage, of expatriation or the protection of Americans who live abroad, were not touched.

Congress was asked to provide for a commission to report on them. It was Mr. Hay's design to call into consulta-

tion jurists and publicists outside of the government service. The measure hung fire in Congress for a year, but at the last session was passed by the Senate. The House Committee on Foreign Affairs, however, reported it adversely, offering in its place a suggestion that the desired report be made by the State Department itself. Secretary Root promptly created a citizenship board of his own, composed of James B. Scott, the solicitor for the State Department; David Jayne Hill, formerly Assistant Secretary of State and now Minister at The Hague, and Gaillard Hunt, chief of the Passport Bureau. All had actual experience of the subject. If they did not constitute so august a body as the British Commission of 1868, including Lord Clarendon, Vernon Harcourt, and Robert Phillimore, which fathered the present English naturalization and citizenship law, their report is, at any rate, as comprehensive as the British, and has the advantage of being unanimous, which the other was not.

Some of the recommendations can hardly arouse opposition from any source. No one will dispute that Congress should pass a law to define how one may lose American citizenship. In 1868, Congress proclaimed to the world that expatriation was a natural right of man, and that no foreign country could contest our right to admit foreigners to citizenship; but it failed to say how Americans could become foreigners. The board recommends that an American may be assumed to have expatriated himself when he becomes naturalized in a foreign country, or when he lives permanently outside of the United States without intent to return. The justice of the first proposition is palpable, but how to determine a man's intentions is obviously a difficult task. Even if the recommendation were adopted, the State Department would probably be imposed upon in the future, as in the past, by so-called Americans who have entirely severed their connection with this country, and nevertheless continue to claim our protection.

On the subject of married women, the board makes a recommendation that appears to be logical, in view of the existing statute which provides that a foreign woman marrying an American thereby becomes an American. Congress is asked to declare that an American woman marrying a foreigner shall thereby become a foreigner. Some of the State statutes might not be in agreement with such a law; but State citizenship and Federal citizenship are not always the same thing, and the rule proposed is, we believe, the same as that which now obtains in international practice. The recommendation looks to the woman's status only during marriage. Upon its termination, by death or absolute divorce, she may elect to revert to her original citizenship, or to re-

tain that which her marriage conferred upon her.

So far as children are concerned, the report proposes adherence to the existing law. Those born here, except in foreign legations, are our citizens, under the terms of the Constitution. So the Supreme Court said in the famous Chinese case of Wong Kim Ark, and we must rest content with that; but a sensible recommendation is made that the naturalization of the father shall confer citizenship upon his minor children only if they come to the United States actually to reside. The present law has been construed to confer citizenship upon minor children the instant they come to the United States, and they may go abroad immediately as American citizens. This is too manifestly improper to require comment.

An interesting phase of the protection of Americans abroad is presented in the case of those unfortunates who have made the declaration of intention to become American citizens, but have not yet been admitted into the fold. The law requires all aliens to make this declaration at least two years before they can be naturalized; yet it is forbidden to issue to them passports, and they receive no protection from this government if they go abroad on a visit. They are, as it were, prisoners at large in the United States, and they leave our borders on even the briefest and most necessary errand at their peril. The parent country feels no inclination to protect them, since they have formally declared they intend to forswear their allegiance to it; and the United States will not protect them because they are not yet citizens. Practically, they are in the distressing situation of being citizens of nowhere. The citizenship board recommends that, since our laws compel them to put their citizenship in this inchoate state, we should accept the responsibility and accord them protection if they go abroad for a stay so brief that it will not interrupt the real continuity of their residence in the United States.

Mr. Root has thus laid before Congress an important report dealing with a subject of profound interest. It ought to receive the most careful consideration. The same Congress which passed the naturalization bill should naturally pass a citizenship bill; but the shortness of the session makes it probable that the subject will have to wait to be dealt with by the next Congress.

SELF-GOVERNMENT FOR INDIA.

"In the main, we believe that British government in India is 'good government.' But it is none the less imperfect government. . . ." Thus writes the *London Tribune* in commenting on the Indian National Congress which has just ended. And it quotes with ap-

proval the restatement of a familiar Lincoln doctrine: "Good government can never be a substitute for government by the people themselves." We wish we could say that this enlightened sentiment had come from the lips of an American statesman, a Roosevelt, a Taft, or a Root; but it is to the English Prime Minister that the credit for it is due. Its application to India and the friendly expressions in the more liberal English press in regard to the Indian Congress are quite as noteworthy as that gathering itself. Even the *Spectator* speaks of England's duty "while we remain the overlords of India," and insists that if self-government comes, it must be a *de facto* self-government and wholly independent of Great Britain.

For this change in public feeling the Liberal Ministry deserves great credit, in particular John Morley, for whose sympathetic attitude the Indian Congress was especially grateful. Even if he has been unable as yet to bring about startling reforms, the mere fact that he is a well-wisher of the Indian nation, that he desires to see it progress, has had a quickening effect. To express confidence in a people is one of the best ways of strengthening them. Mr. Taft was able to do this for the Filipinos to only a limited extent, but Mr. Morley is in no doubt as to his course towards the Hindus. His mere presence as Secretary for India is a guarantee that the reactionary policy of the Balfour Government is at an end. What harm can come to Great Britain if the natives of India develop the power to care for themselves? Even the most sordid trader in England knows that a progressive state is a far better customer than one whose people are but half-civilized. But aside from the financial consideration, the highest renown that England could possibly win would come from building up a great self-governing nation in India.

With Persia, Russia, and China awakening, Turkey stirring, and Japan already achieving, it is no wonder that in India there should be dawning a national self-consciousness. The people have not been blind to changes abroad. Dadabhai Naoroji cited them in his opening address as president of the Congress, with its full thousand attendants, as one of the reasons why India should begin an active propaganda for the same privileges for which the Boers battled and the Irish have so long contended. He urged a petition to King Edward; and asked for a large fund to carry on the campaign, and to send speakers to England and throughout India itself. His speech was "the most resonant and the most determined demand for self-government which an Indian occupying a responsible position has ever uttered." To some crusted Tories it may, indeed, seem like sedition and rebellion. But the sober common sense of the bulk

of the press, we believe, will recognize in this demand for self-government the highest compliment yet paid to the English guardianship of India. He is a poor tutor whose pupil is ever in leading-strings and never learns to walk by himself. What would be said of the United States, if, after our staying forty or fifty years in the Philippines, travellers were to find its people but little advanced towards self-government? Much of the blame would undoubtedly be placed upon the Malay character, but some would certainly attach to the teacher.

In one way, it is worth while to note, the recent reactionary policy in India has stimulated this sudden revival of nationalism. The liberal movement was not one of opposition when Lord Ripon was Viceroy; but it soon became one of protest, and, in places, of agitation. Indeed, in Bengal, after the partition, there was organized resistance, which manifested itself in a peaceful boycott of English goods. The restriction of municipal government and the hostility towards certain universities were, as the *London Tribune* points out, signs that the Indian civil service had begun to regard the best sections of the Indian people with the "same aggressive hostility which the Russian bureaucracy feels for the 'intellectuals' of Russia." Yet, far from checking any pro-Indian movements, these reactionary measures strengthened them, injecting however, a spirit of bitterness and race hostility which should not be permitted to spread or intensify, if India's progress is to be along the lines of peaceful agitation.

The good temper with which the English press and public have received the reports of the Indian Congress, the keen interest in its conclusions, and the space given to discussing them, are all in striking contrast to our own apathy in regard to our oversea ventures. We cannot get the simple and just tariff legislation for the Philippines demanded by both President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft. The President's appeal for citizenship for the Porto Ricans evokes only the most languid interest. Hawaii's concerns are practically ignored outside of San Francisco. Guam and Tutuila? Americans have forgotten that they exist. The newspaper that prints a leader on the Philippines is the exception. Not one has its special correspondent there. Far from reforming our own institutions by way of the colonies, as President McKinley and the other optimistic statesmen of 1898 predicted, we have been wholly absorbed in our own debates about railroads and Trusts and insurance companies. Must we hold our colonies as long as England has India before our interests and consciences are sufficiently aroused to accord them fair treatment?

A COLLEGE FETICH IN FRANCE.

The French Minister of Education has proposed a far-reaching reform—nothing less than the abolition of the *baccalauréat*, or bachelor's degree. His argument is that the degree sets a premium on parrot-learning, while discouraging reflection and real cultivation of habits of thought. If the charge be well grounded, the change, we must all agree, can come none too soon.

The *baccalauréat*, as most of our readers are aware, does not correspond exactly to our own bachelor's degree; it is bestowed upon the French boy who has finished his studies at the *lycée* and is ready for the university. In the *Paris Temps* of December 26, Hippolyte Parigot has a long article in which he traces the origin of the degree and discusses its effect upon education and its value as a social passport. The degree was established in 1808 by a decree that had behind it the Napoleonic ideal of centralization. If the *baccalauréat* did not make every French boy study the multiplication table at the same hour, it at least provided a uniform test which every boy who had higher intellectual ambitions must pass. We may compare it to the Regents' certificates granted in this State to those who pass examinations in elementary as well as high-school subjects. These examinations are given simultaneously in public and private schools from Montauk to Buffalo. They show roughly the work which each school is doing; and they set a goal for which teachers and pupils strive. Twenty or thirty years ago, in the rural districts, the boy or girl who had won a Regents' certificate was pointed out as a pattern of intelligence and industry. The honor was and is decidedly worth having.

But the administration of a huge system of uniform examinations almost inevitably falls into routine. In this State the Regents' examinations have done incalculable service in improving the instruction, especially in the weaker schools; they have helped to develop sound methods of organization and discipline; for institution and individual they have held up definite standards of achievement. But they have not escaped the inherent defects of a vast and elaborate machine. Of this danger the officials have been well aware, and they have striven to avoid it; but in spite of their best efforts the examinations have tended to a routine. They have from time to time run into a stereotyped form; and, of course, to meet its requirements, at whatever sacrifice of worthy methods, has been the one thing for which the less intelligent teachers and students have struggled.

In France, too, from all accounts, events have followed a similar course. With this difference: in New York State we feel that our Regents' examinations,

despite their drawbacks, have not become so rigidly mechanical that they have lost their usefulness; whereas in France the complaint is that the system is the nearest approach known in Europe to the mandarin methods of China. From this opinion many would dissent; but there must be some basis for the charge that the main result achieved is the mere drilling of memory, and "the absorption of interminable lists of ready-made facts, formulas, verdicts, and points of view regarded as scientifically essential and civilly useful to a future French citizen." The deadening effect of it all is described by M. Parigot, who asserts that a father who has caught the spirit of the times does not say to his son, "Go to the *lycée*, and there cultivate your mind, your heart, and your will power." On the contrary, his advice is: "My son, you are going to the *lycée*. Conduct yourself as you please, so long as you aim at the *baccalauréat*. You'll never get anywhere without that." M. Parigot notes that people are inquiring the reasons for the decadence of the classes which are called cultivated. To his mind, the causes are most evident. The "feverish preparations" for the examinations are nothing more or less than a "useless assault upon the reasoning faculty."

It is hardly to be expected that M. Priand's proposed reform will be accepted—if, indeed, it is ever accepted—without determined resistance. Educators are, next to ecclesiastics, the most stubborn class in opposing innovation. Every university is, as Matthew Arnold described Oxford, a home of lost causes, forsaken beliefs, and impossible loyalties. We would not have it otherwise. In a world whose great foible is visible progress it is well that some one should still conserve ancient traditions and listen to the last enchantments of the Middle Ages. The conservatives who advocate the present system in France and the radicals who are for uprooting it can certainly unite in urging that a new type of examination is a mere temporary makeshift. For any type of examination imposed on a large number of candidates, year after year, cannot but degenerate into a routine. The only alternative that will afford a chance for freedom and flexibility is to let each school bestow its own diploma, the value of which will depend upon the reputation which the graduates of the institution are able to maintain for it.

The agitation in France carries, we may note, a warning to our own educators. In order to escape from the confusion and waste incident upon each college setting up independent requirements for admission and holding separate examinations, we are organizing one board which is gradually extending its activities and its uniform examinations throughout the country. The drift

of such a body is obviously away from that very essence of a sound system of education—variety and flexibility.

GEORGE GISSING.

When Gissing died at St. Jean de Luz, in 1903, broken down at the age of forty-six by years of toil and privation, he had begun to acquire in the world at large something of the reputation he had long possessed among a select circle. But it is to be feared that the irony of his later works, such as the posthumous volume of tales recently published,* may create a wrong impression of his genius among these newly-won friends. For Gissing, more than most writers, underwent a change with the progress of time. His work, in fact, may be divided into three fairly distinct periods. Passing over the immature "Workers in the Dawn" (1880), we may mark off the first group of novels as beginning with "The Unclassed" (1884) and ending with "Born in Exile" (1892); between these two are "Isabel Clarendon," "Demos," "Thyrza," "A Life's Morning," "The Nether World," "The Emancipated," and "New Grub Street." The second group, starting with "Denzil Quarrier" (1892), may be limited by "The Crown of Life" (1899), although the transition here to his final manner is more gradual than the earlier change. This second division embraces what are perhaps the best known of Gissing's novels—the "Year of Jubilee" and "The Whirlpool"—and here again there is danger of misunderstanding. These are books of undeniable power, comparable in some ways to Hardy's "Jude, the Obscure," but pointed in the wrong direction, and not truly characteristic. One feels a troubling and uncertain note in all this intermediate work, done while the author, having passed beyond his first intense preoccupation with the savage warfare for existence, was still far from the fair serenity of his close. The greater Gissing is not to be found here, but in those tales which embody his own experiences in the cruel and primeval nether world of London—tales which together make what might be called the Epic of Poverty.

I.

Poverty, the gaunt greedy struggle for bread, the naked keen reality of hunger that goads the world onward—how this grim power reigns in all Gissing's early novels, crushing the untrained dreamers and soiling the strong. It is the guiding power of "The Unclassed." It casts its spume of misery and filth on the path of "Thyrza," that fragile Madonna of the slums, yet finds even here its pathetic voice of song:

A street organ began to play in front of a public house close by. Grail drew near; there were children forming a dance, and he stood to watch them.

Do you know that music of the obscure ways, to which children dance? Not if you have only heard it ground to your ears' affliction beneath your windows in the square. To hear it aright, you must stand

*"The House of Cobwebs and Other Stories," by George Gissing. To which is prefixed "The Work of George Gissing," an introductory study, by Thomas Seecombe. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1906. Several of the most important of Gissing's earlier novels are not to be found in New York either in bookshop or library; and, indeed, he cannot be said ever to have been properly published at all. By getting together a complete and decently printed edition of his works some enterprising publisher might benefit himself and the community.

in the darkness of such a by-street as this, and for the moment be at one with those who dwell around, in the blear-eyed houses, in the dim burrows of poverty, in the unmapped haunts of the semi-human. Then you will know the significance of that vulgar clanging of melody; a pathos of which you did not dream will touch you, and therein the secret of hidden London will be half revealed. The life of men who toil without hope, yet with the hunger of an unshaped desire; of women in whom the sweetness of their sex is perishing under labor and misery; the laugh, the song of the girl who strives to enjoy her year or two of youthful vigor, knowing the darkness of the years to come; the careless defiance of the youth who feels his blood and revolts against the plot which would tame it; all that is purely human in these darkened multitudes speaks to you as you listen.

A superb piece of imaginative prose, indeed, as Mr. Secombe calls it, and significant of the music which Gissing himself wrested from the misery of the London streets. The note rises in "Life's Morning" to tragic shrillness, making of it one of the most passionate stories in English of love striving against the degradation of destiny. Again, in "New Grub Street," it sinks to the forlorn plea of genius baffled by unremunerative toil, and starved into despair. Those who care to know the full measure of agony through which the writer himself struggled, may find it portrayed here in the lives of the two unrecognized novelists. Only Gissing could tell how much of his own experience is portrayed in those "dwellers in the valley of the shadow of books"; how much of his fierce aspiration to paint the world as it really exists was expressed by the garret-haunting, hunger-driven Biffen; how often his breast, like Reardon's, swelled with envy of the prosperous commercialized man of letters. "He knew what poverty means. The chilling of brain and heart, the unnerving of the hands, the slow gathering about one of fear and shame and impotent wrath; the dread feeling of helplessness, of the world's base indifference. Poverty! Poverty!" I am not sure that it is good to know these things even by hearsay, but for those who are strong in pity and fortified by resolve they have been written out once for all, ruthlessly, without mitigation.

More general, gathering up all the suffering and foulness and crime of want, embracing too the clear-eyed, uncompromising charity of strength that asks for no reward, is that terrible story of "The Nether World." Here, most of all, Gissing is conscious of his grave theme; and as a chorus through all the sounds of defeat and consternation he raises the clamorous cry of his: "Mad Jack," like the prophesying of some Jeremiah of the slums:

"Don't laugh! Don't any of you laugh; for as sure as I live it was an angel stood in the room and spoke to me. There was a light such as none of you ever saw, and the angel stood in the midst of it. And he said to me: 'Listen, while I reveal to you the truth, that you may know where you are and what you are; and this is done for a great purpose.' And I fell down on my knees, but never a word could I have spoken. Then the angel said: 'You are passing through a state of punishment. You, and all the poor among whom you live; all those who are in suffering of body and darkness of mind were once rich people, with every blessing the world can bestow, with every opportunity of happiness in yourselves and of making others happy. Because you made an ill use of your wealth, because you were selfish and hard-hearted

and oppressive, and sinful in every kind of indulgence, therefore after death you received the reward of wickedness. This life you are now leading is that of the damned; this place to which you are confined is hell! There is no escape for you. From poor you shall become poorer; the older you grow the lower shall you sink in want and misery; at the end there is waiting for you, one and all, a death in abandonment and despair. This is hell—hell—hell!"

Above the noise of the crowd rose a shrill, wild voice, chanting:

"All ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him forever!"

It has seemed worth while to quote thus at length, because Gissing is one of the few English novelists whose trained and supple language makes itself felt in such extracts, and because they lead at once to the theory on which he worked. "Art, nowadays," Gissing declares boldly, "must be the mouthpiece of misery, for misery is the keynote of modern life." It is not entirely easy to reconcile such a theory with the judgment of Gissing's own riper years; for art, he came in the end to think, is "an expression, satisfying and abiding, of the zest of life." Certainly, it is this contrast between the misery and the zest of life, derived from the same materials, that makes a comparison between Dickens and Gissing so inevitable. Gissing felt it, and his "Critical Study" of Dickens is one of the most ambiguous pieces of writing in the language. His intention is manifestly to praise, but he can never quite overcome his surprise and annoyance at the radical difference of Dickens's attitude toward poverty. And the same feeling crops out again and again in the earlier novels. Inextinguishable laughter were fittest, he says, musing on his own terrible nether world and thinking of the elder writer's gayety, but the heart grows heavy. In an essay last month, I tried to show how Dickens tended to portray his characters from the outside, without identifying himself with their real emotions. Here, on the contrary, we have a man whose ambition it was to strip off to the last rag those veils of melodrama and humor which prevented Dickens from becoming a realist, and which, it may be added, he himself by native right possessed in large measure. He would not be waylaid and turned from his purpose by the picturesque grimaces of poverty, but would lay bare the sullen ugliness at its core; he would, in a word, write from the inside. Only by taking account of the sordid realities of Gissing's life can we understand the mingled attraction and repulsion exercised on him by the large joyousness and exulting pathos of Dickens in dealing with the nether world. "The man who laughs," he said, reproachfully, "takes the side of a cruel omnipotence." The words are suggestive. Not "cruel," but *unimplicated*, let us say, and accept the phrase as a mark of the greater art. It is because Dickens stands with the powers above and is not finally implicated in his theme, that he could turn it into an expression, satisfying and abiding, of the zest of life. And it is, on the other hand, just because Gissing cannot entirely rise above the "misery" he describes, that all his marvellous understanding of the human heart and his chastened style do not save his art in the end.

And yet, if his theory and practice must

from the highest standard be condemned, it would be unfair to overlook the reservations that should go with even so strict a judgment. For though the zest of life be lacking in these novels, there is something in them that strangely resembles it. "How," he exclaims in one of his latest works—"how, in the name of sense and mercy, is mankind content to live on in such a world as this?" The question obtrudes itself upon the reader again and again, and slowly he becomes aware of the vast, dumb, tumultuous *will to live* that is struggling into consciousness through all these horrors and madnesses. The very magnitude of the obstacles, the unreasonable energy of this blind will. What, after all, has been the substance of great literature, from the days when Sarpedon heartened Glaucus on the plains of Troy to the most modern singer of some soul divided against itself, but warfare, and again renewed war? And as one reads on in these novels of Gissing's, their plot begins to unfold itself as another and darker picture of the same battle. It is almost as if we were listening to the confused lamentation of a city besieged and captured by night, wherein the enemy, is no invading army of Greece, but the more treacherous powers of hunger, and, vice, and poverty:

Diverso interea miscentur moenia luctu.

And there is another element which helps to relieve the depressing nature of Gissing's theme. Literature of the slums is not lacking in these latter days. In each of our large cities you will find a college settlement where a band of prurient souls sit at type-writing machines glutting a morbid ambition on the sorrows of the poor. Now, Gissing did not learn the meaning of poverty in any such fashion; there is, at all events, nothing of the dilettante in his work. He wrote, not from callow sympathy or patronizing observation, but from his own deep experience; and, writing thus, he put into his account of the nether world the one thing commonly wanting to these pictures—the profound sense of morality. Through all these graphic, sometimes appalling, scenes one knows that the writer is still concerned primarily with the inner effects of poverty, and his problem is the ancient, insoluble antinomy of the one and the many, the individual and the mass. Taken as a whole, the society he describes is the victim of circumstances. His philosophy is summed up in a gloomy determinism: "indigence is the death of the soul," and "misery is vice." Yet even here, as in that chorus of "Mad Jack" already quoted, the contradictory and less comprehensible law of morality makes itself heard at times; and when he touches the individual, the sure insight of the artist asserts itself and he orders his people not as automata, but as characters moved by their own volition, and, though it may be in unaccountable ways, reaping as they have sown. The knot of fate and free-will is not always disentangled, there is no conventional apportioning of rewards and penalties such as Dickens indulged in at the end of his novels; but always, through all the workings of heredity and environment, he leaves the reader conscious of that last inviolable mystery of man's nature, the sense of personal responsibility. Had not he,

George Gissing, been caught in the cruel network of circumstances, and had he not yet preserved intact the feeling that he was personally accountable? It is thus he attains by another road to something of the liberal enlargement of Dickens; the greatest art, it need scarcely be said, would combine both the free outlook of the older writer and the moral insight of the younger.

II.

Those are the principles—the instinctive will to live and the law of moral responsibility—that saved the writer's tragic stage from insupportable dreariness; they furnished, also, the clue that in the end led the writer himself out of the labyrinth of doubtful questionings. But for a while it seemed as if they were to be lost, for it is not so much any lowering of literary skill as a change in these essential points that marks the transition from his first to his second period. The new spirit may be defined by a comparison of such novels as "The Nether World" from his first period and "The Whirlpool" from his second (the very names are significant), or as "Life's Morning" and "The Crown of Life." In place of human nature battling with grim necessity, we now have a society of people contending against endless insinuations of tedium and vanity; in place of the will to live we meet a sex-consciousness, always strong in Gissing, but now grown to morbid intensity. And with this change comes a certain relaxing of moral fibre. The theme is no longer self-responsibility, or character in the strict meaning of the term, but a thousand vexatious questions of the day—anti-vivisection, anti-racing, anti-gambling, anti-hunting, anti-war, imperialism, the education of children, the emancipation of women, and, above all and more persistent than all, the thrice-dreary theories of marriage. It would be wrong to infer that the moral of his books is ever at bottom any other than sound. In the full swing of his middle period he could close a novel with the ejaculation of his hero: "Now I understand the necessity for social law!" But one is aware, nevertheless, that conventions have grown irksome to him, and that for a while his real interest is in the thronging, ambiguous problems of emancipation.

III.

If the influence of modern Continental literature, especially of French and Russian, may be suspected of unsettling his inherited canons, his home-coming in the end was surely due in large measure to his devoted study of the classics. Strange as it may seem when one considers the topics he treated, there is scarcely a writer of the last century more thoroughly versed in Greek and Latin than Gissing, and throughout his struggle with poverty he commonly kept free of the pawnshop a few chosen books, Homer, Tibullus, Horace, Gibbon, Shakespeare. Writing the memoirs of his life, at ease, and with a library at his command, he recalls his difficulties:

I see that alley hidden on the west side of Tottenham Court Road, where, after living in a back bedroom on the top floor, I had to exchange for the front cellar; there was a difference, if I remember rightly, of sixpence a week, and sixpence, in those days, was a very great consideration—why, it meant a couple of meals. (I once found sixpence in the street, and had an exultation which is vivid in me at this moment.) The front cellar was stone-floored; its fur-

niture was a table, a chair, a washstand, and a bed; the window, which, of course, had never been cleaned since it was put in, received light through a flat grating in the alley above. Here I lived; here I wrote. Yes, "literary work" was done at that filthy deal table, on which, by the bye, lay my Homer, my Shakespeare, and the few other books I then possessed.

What a picture of the new Grub Street. One thinks of the deal table in Thoreau's hut at Walden on which a Homer lay, and one thinks, too, of Dickens in his comfortable study with his shelves of sham books. For most of his reading Gissing had to depend on public convenience:

How many days have I spent at the British Museum, reading as disinterestedly as if I had been without a care! It astounds me to remember that, having breakfasted on dry bread, and carrying in my pocket another piece of bread to serve for dinner, I settled myself at a desk in the great Reading Room with books before me which by no possibility could be a source of immediate profit. At such a time I worked through German tomes on Ancient Philosophy. At such a time, I read Appuleius and Lucian, Petronius and the Greek Anthology, Diogenes Laertius and—Heaven knows what! My hunger was forgotten; the garret to which I must return to pass the night never perturbed my thoughts.

And Homer and Ancient Philosophy won the day. There was little occasion in the earlier novels to display this learning, yet here and there the author's longing for Rome and Italy breaks through, as in the passion of the apothecary's apprentice in "The Unclassed." Then came the intellectual whirlpool. The release from that dizziness of brain shows itself first in a growing lightness of touch and aloofness from passion of all sorts. The novels and tales of the third period are chiefly distinguished by a tone of gentle and amused irony, in place of the satire of the middle group, and it is significant that the theme of "Will Warburton," his last novel, is the same as that chosen by Biffen in the "New Grub Street" for his pronouncement of rebellious realism—the life of a retail grocer. Only, in the actual novel there is no realism at all as Biffen would have understood it, but the witty and mock heroic story of a man of good birth who begins by selling groceries over the counter under an assumed name and ends by accepting his lot in all *gaieté de cœur*—so far had Gissing travelled from being at loggerheads with destiny. "Warburton" was written in Southern France when a moderate success had freed him from the hardest slavery of the pen, and when ill health had driven him from England. Here, too, he absolved himself from an ancient vow by composing with all the artistry he possessed, a story of classical life—his "Veranilda"—and here he wrote that restrained and every way beautiful piece of self-revelation, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft."

There is nothing in the language quite like this volume of half-veiled autobiography. In the imagined quiet of a home in Devon, the part of England Gissing so passionately loved, he writes out his memories of toil and the reflections that come to him as the sum of his experiences. Here is no bitterness, no complaining; all the lesser problems that harassed him have solved themselves by simply vanishing; he returns to his early convictions, with the added ripeness of long

meditation. He had used the life of the poor for his greatest creative work, and the question of the growing democracy is the only one that still abides with him in his repose. Everywhere he sees the decay of that natural instinct on which the morality of the world at large must always depend, and in its place an ever-widening spirit of interrogation which only unsettles and sets adrift. "I am no friend of the people," he exclaims, and the words come with strange insistence from such a man. "As a force, by which the tenor of the time is conditioned, they inspire me with distrust, with fear. . . . Every instinct of my being is anti-democratic, and I dread to think of what our England may become when Demos rules irresistibly. . . . Nothing is more rooted in my mind than the vast distinction between the individual and the class." This doubt alone remained to annoy him, but with it he connected the other great movement of the day: "I hate and fear 'science' because of my conviction that, for long to come, if not for ever, it will be the remorseless enemy of mankind." To science he attributed the spread of that half-education which increases the powers of action while lessening the inhibitions of self-knowledge. It was from his close reading of the classics, I think, though he himself does not say so, came his notion of some salvation through the aristocratic idea—the essential idea of Greek literature:

The task before us is no light one. Can we, whilst losing the class, retain the idea it embodied? Can we English, ever so subject to the material, liberate ourselves from that old association, yet guard its meaning in the sphere of spiritual life? Can we, with eyes which have ceased to look reverently on worn-out symbols, learn to select from among the gray-coated multitude, and place in reverence even higher him who "holds" his patent of nobility straight from Almighty God? Upon that depends the future of England.

The business of the novelist is with the realities of life, and not with hypotheses; yet one cannot leave Gissing without wishing that he had found strength and occasion to express these fundamental ideas of his maturity in fiction. P. E. M.

Correspondence.

THE ANTICS OF THE PRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At the recent graduating exercises of the Junior College in the University of Chicago I was giving an address in which the members of this body, both men and women, were urged to seek a sense of form—in dress, manners, speech, and intellectual habits. In antithesis, it was pointed out that we had too long lived in a kingdom of slouch—in dress, manners, speech, and intellectual habits. In a humbler way, but extending the application, the effort was made to emphasize what Mr. Henry James and Mr. Howells had said in regard to American speech. Further, after putting the emphasis upon the desirability of intellectual good form, the lesson was enforced by Lowell's poem of "Hebe," quoted by Tom Hughes on his visit to Harvard. The occasion was supposedly formal and dignified; and only in the two words above was dress even mentioned.

Perhaps to illustrate the truth of my indictment by showing the lack of good form of some American journals, the Chicago penny-a-liner attached to my name and sold it as desirable copy in New York papers such vulgar stuff as the following:

The wiggling, swaying movements of American women on the streets and the stage have made them the ridicule of Europe. They have a glide and a wiggle that make them both undignified and ungraceful.

American women live too much in a state of slouchiness in dress, manner, intellect, and language. What we need is a sense of form. It is something that is very scarce among American women. It is, indeed, the rarest sense there is in the country.

Of course, I never said any such thing, but papers in all parts of the country could not know that the report was stupid fiction, and that the quotation marks were absolutely false. Yet in this form, the above vulgar paragraphs have gone the length and breadth of the country as my utterances.

May I ask the friends of decency and truth not to believe any of the similarly disgusting writing about our university, which is first suggested in Chicago papers and then sent abroad? Without any sense of honor—to say nothing of a sense of form—some Chicago newspapers, hitherto respectable, have no hesitation in defaming, without any justification whatever, an institution in their own city which is working for good—providing a story, no matter how false, can be twisted into sensational copy.

J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN.

University of Chicago, January 10.

SECRETARY TAFT AND THE PRESIDENCY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Wherever Secretary Taft is personally known your remarks concerning him as a Presidential possibility will meet with general approval. In this State he became known through the performance of his duties as a Federal judge; and among all who thus came to know him it would be hard to find any who would not enthusiastically support him for the Presidency. They found in him the rare combination which you mention of great ability and great geniality. Since he left the bench, they have learned that to these qualities he adds also constructive statesmanship of a high order, coupled with courageous and uncompromising patriotism. These qualities render him an almost ideal candidate for the Presidency, especially under existing conditions. At the present time the one thing which the people most demand in their chief executive is the ability and the willingness to protect them against the aggressions, of predatory wealth and corporate monopoly. So strong and widespread is this sentiment as to leave little doubt that in the next Presidential campaign the candidate who best represents it will be almost certain of election regardless of party affiliations in respect to other issues. Indeed, this sentiment may yet force the renomination of President Roosevelt, notwithstanding the third term objection and despite his own protests and wishes, because the people feel assured that in him they have a safe champion of their interests.

That this subject is to be for a time the dominant issue in politics seems inevitable. The people are coming to realize that under commercial and industrial conditions recently developed, the institution of private property which has done so much for the advancement of mankind, may in the hands of crafty, greedy, and unscrupulous men become subversive of the very ends which it is intended to subserve and a menace to the government itself, and that it must be shorn of its evil possibilities in order to save it from destruction at the hands of the socialist.

The problem which confronts us to-day is to find a safe middle course between the Scylla of commercial and industrial slavery resulting from the almost irresistible power of aggregated capital on the one hand, and the Charybdis of socialism as the natural alternative on the other. With the exception of President Roosevelt, is there any other man now in public life who is apparently so well qualified as Secretary Taft to represent the whole people in dealing with this and the many other difficult problems that will confront our chief executive in the next few years?

HERBERT L. BAKER.

Detroit, January 8.

SINCERE PRAISE FOR MR. ALDRICH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. E. V. Lucas, in his new anthology, "The Friendly Town," prints under the title, "Another Invitation," Mr Aldrich's lines beginning:

I beg you come to-night and dine.
A welcome waits you, and sound wine—
The Roederer chilly to a charm,
As Juno's breath the claret warm,
The sherry of an ancient brand.

But they are credited to "Añon."

The poet's own title is "The Menu," and the poem is in the volume called "The Sisters' Tragedy," under the general division, "Bagatelle." C. T. COPELAND.

Cambridge, Mass., January 4.

Notes.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce the following books as now ready or soon to be ready for publication: "On the Great American Plateau," by T. M. Prudden; "The Censorship of the Church and Its Influence upon the Production and the Distribution of Literature," by G. H. Putnam; "Hunting Big Game with Gun and with Kodak," by W. S. Thomas; "The Development of Religion in Japan," by G. W. Knox; "A Journey in the Back Country," by F. L. Olmsted; "Writings of James Madison," vol. vi.; "The Life of Walter Pater," by Thomas Wright; "The Life of Goethe," vol. ii., by Albert Bielschowsky; "Studies of a Biographer," 4 vols., by Leslie Stephen; "Our Struggle for the Fourteenth Colony: Canada and the American Revolution," by J. H. Smith; Mrs. Gaskell's Works, Knutsford edition, vols. iv. to viii.; "The History of Painting," by Richard Muther; "Old English Clocks," by F. J. Britten, and "A History of Tapestry," by W. G. Thomson.

Lucy Forney Bittinger's "German Religious Life in Colonial Times" is an-

nounced for early publication by the J. B. Lippincott Co. In February the firm will issue "François Rabelais," by Arthur Tilley, the third volume of the French Men of Letters Series, of which Brunetière's "Balzac" was the second.

"The Standard Bible Dictionary" will be brought out by the Funk & Wagnalls Co. early in the spring.

Henry Holt & Co. have ready for publication two new volumes in J. A. Doyle's "English Colonies in America," dealing respectively with the Middle Colonies and the Colonies under the House of Hanover. The same firm announces L. T. Hobhouse's "Morals in Evolution," in two volumes.

Doubleday, Page & Co are printing a fifteenth edition of "Bob, Son of Battle." They give some interesting details of the history of the book: "Although published nearly ten years ago, it has enjoyed a steady sale. Yet when it first appeared it was almost regarded as a failure. It took nearly a year for American readers to discover the real quality of the book."

It appears that the so-called Catechism of Sir Oliver Lodge, about which there has been so much talk, got into the press without his authority, from a privately printed copy. He will soon publish it, with considerable expansions and explanations.

The English *Independent Review*, beginning with the January issue, will be published by John Lane instead of Fisher Unwin. It will maintain its old policy of "cultured Liberalism."

The *Pennsylvania-German*, a monthly magazine, established in 1900, and published at East Greenville, contains in its January issue four articles on German migrations in the United States and Canada.

With the second ten volumes Houghton, Mifflin & Co. complete their really superb Walden edition of Thoreau. On the appearance of the first ten we took occasion to say how admirably these books were made. In format, type, and paper, they seem to us about the ideal of such a publication, presenting a thoroughly comfortable book to hold in the hand and a delightful page to read, without any of the cumbrous appurtenances of the ordinary *édition de luxe*. Thoreau stands before us complete, and conscientiously edited. A word of commendation should be added for the photographic illustrations from photographs taken by Herbert W. Gleason, who has gone over the Thoreau country with loving care, and caught many of the fleeting phenomena of the seasons in the very spots where Thoreau observed them. The last ten volumes continue and conclude the "Journal," which had already taken four of the earlier instalment, an extraordinary record of daily life with nature, which Bradford Torrey has edited with meticulous care. If we should quarrel with it for anything it would be for its too great abundance. Much is trivial, yet much also is of extraordinary interest, as readers of the books made out of it by Ellery Channing already know.

The promise held out in the earlier volumes of "Nelson's Encyclopædia" that the completed work would be one of the most useful brief-reference encyclopædias in the English language appears to be fulfilled in Volumes V. to X., which we have received.

Vol. X. carries us through Sax, and there are two more volumes to come. The blurred and badly printed illustrations, the poor maps, and the comparatively large proportion of space given up to subjects of "current interest" are still the points that most seriously detract from the permanent value of the books. But as the last-named characteristic is one on which the editors particularly pride themselves, it may be taken as fulfilling what they conceive to be the mission of the work. In this connection, however, some glaring omissions may be noted, such as the exclusion of biographies of Roland Molineux and Nan Patterson, while that of Albert T. Patrick is included. As far as accuracy is concerned, the later volumes show considerable improvement, and the "Americanization" has been more thoroughly and successfully carried out. The longer biographical, historical, and descriptive articles continue to be among the most valuable portions. Considering their limited space, the English literary biographies are, many of them, unusually fine characterizations of the subject's life and work. Some, however, strike one as peculiarly inadequate, as those, for instance, of Cardinal Manning and Walter Pater. The lack of proportion in some American subjects may be noted in the relative space allotted to Edwin Markham and Lafcadio Hearn. The long American articles are valuable in showing the results of the most recent historical research. The scientific, economic, and industrial articles as a rule are of high quality, the recent discoveries and investigations being treated with particular fulness. Of special interest and value is the article on "Irrigation" and the detailed discussion of rate regulation under "Railroads." All in all, the treatment of the subject matter in the work is an admirable example of compression, and fulfils to an unusual degree the purpose of the editors to furnish an encyclopædia for busy people.

An "historically illustrated" edition of George Eliot's "Romola," with an introduction and notes by Dr. Guido Biagi, has been issued in two volumes by A. C. McClurg & Co. Dr. Biagi, who is librarian of the Laurentian Library, Florence, is one of the small vanguard of Italian critics who find in English literature something they cannot find in French. He is, however, not merely an appreciative essayist; for a long experience in palæography inclines him toward scientific research. A few years ago he published some fresh documents bearing on the last days of Shelley; now he makes known the main written sources of "Romola." In telling about his discovery, Dr. Biagi not only reveals a method worth knowing, but gives a vivid and accurate description of a great Florentine library as it was about the year 1861, when George Eliot and Lewes were in Florence. In those days, writes the Commendatore, "an ancient priest, in greasy skull-cap and snuffy cassock, . . . presided over the books, keeping beside him as a guide the 'Index Librorum Prohibitorum.'" The receipts for books given out are still preserved. "From George Eliot herself," says Dr. Biagi, "I found not a single receipt, but there were a number signed by G. H. Lewes, to whom she left all the trouble and care of those learned investigations to which she was not accustomed." Of these receipts twelve are reproduced in facsimile, and Dr. Biagi

states what books they designate, indicating briefly what each yielded to George Eliot's swift but skilful search. Furthermore, in his comments on the historical novel, our editor says something worth reading. The illustrations, 160 in all, are well reproduced. Furthermore, they are for the most part adequately described, and in every case are, for their own sakes, worth possessing; but many of them are wholly irrelevant, or are made so by being recklessly misplaced. What, for instance, can be the relevancy of a picture of the pouches for the *squittini* (Vol. I, p. 46)? or of an "Enamelled Cup and Plate" (I, p. 56)? or of the "Bussolotti and Mazze" (I, p. 60)? Others still are quite to the point, but strewn at random through both volumes. Thus—to take but one example—facing p. 42, Vol. I, we come upon a cut showing a *lucco*, though the author describes this garment forty pages earlier.

Few subjects have been more assiduously written up than the literary associations of London, and as no volume so far can be called exhaustive and as the associations accumulate daily, the supply of books will no doubt be maintained. The latest addition is "Literary London," by Elsie M. Lang, with an Introduction by Gilbert K. Chesterton (Charles Scribner's Sons). This work is arranged like a dictionary, with the famous localities and streets in alphabetical order, so that one jumps from Downing Street to Drury Lane; and unless one is very familiar with the topography, one groans at the absence of a map. As a book of reference, it has merits, though they do not include completeness. The author has secured only the more obvious of the memories that cling to nearly every old London street, and does not betray a wide acquaintance with memoirs from which she might have added to her collection. Even without such aids, she might have treated Downing Street more handsomely. This resort of so many literary statesmen appears here only as connected with the lives of Smollett and Horace Walpole. From Suffolk Street, where he lived at Garland's Hotel, is omitted the name of Whistler; and Paradise Row, Chelsea, to which Mr. Blunt lately devoted a whole volume, is not mentioned. Yet it is haunted by memories of many interesting and pathetic personages, and by the humorous figure of Pepys, who used to go to the house of Mistress Becke to eat her "admirable cakes." On Lothbury, Miss Lang has no quotation from Wordsworth; on Holland House, no mention of Lady Holland, the queen of that famous salon. Grub Street does not appear in the index, and must be looked for under its new name, Milton Street. The numerous illustrations from photographs are rather commonplace. In fact, the chief attractions of the volume are its light weight and excellent get-up. Mr. Chesterton's Introduction is in his favorite style, a mere series of flat contradictions of popular convictions and points of view about cities, thrown into the form of paradoxes, and not to be mistaken for epigrams.

"The Book of Elizabethan Verse," chosen and edited with notes by William Stanley Braithwaite, with an Introduction by Thomas Wentworth Higginson (Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co.), is, in externals, a close reproduction of the excellent "Ox-

ford Book of English Verse," even to the very book mark, and the tooling on the cover. As to the ethics of such book making, it can at least be said that it is quite typical of the publishing methods in vogue during the reign of Elizabeth. We find included among the poets of this volume such writers as Wyatt and Surrey, Carew, Herbert, and Herrick, to say nothing of Cartwright, Crashaw, Davenant, Habington, Lovelace, Montrose, Randolph, Suckling, and Waller, who were not born until after the death of Elizabeth. Apparently any Jacobean or Caroline poet who hits Mr. Braithwaite's fancy may be considered an Elizabethan writer, with the exception of Milton, because *his* "muse is not Elizabethan." Apart from this inconsistent method of selection, the poems are on the whole well chosen, for Mr. Braithwaite adds nothing that is new, and, following the work of other editors and anthologists, could hardly go wrong. We miss some old favorites. Though there are forty selections from Herrick, his exquisite "You are a tulip seen to-day" is not among them. Shakespeare, Jonson, Fletcher, and Herrick furnish one-quarter of the poems. One-third of Mr. Braithwaite's selections are also found in the "Oxford Book of English Verse," and where Mr. Quiller-Couch prints an excerpt from Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar," or but part of a poem of Crashaw or Waller, the "Book of Elizabethan Verse" follows him line for line. Again and again Mr. Braithwaite fails to give us correct names and text. To cite a few typical examples, on page 772, we find Richard Greene for Robert Greene; on page 692, Dumain of "Love's Labour's Lost," appears as Dumare; on page 720, Clément Marot is called Clément Mark. The Latin quotations on pages 689, 699, and 750 are badly mangled. Typical among the misprints is the following:

Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate step forth,
And teach her fair steps to our earth.
—(Page 110.)

Crashaw wrote "stand forth." Mr. Braithwaite professes the liveliest admiration for Carew's "Elegy upon the Death of Doctor Donne," yet in its opening lines he prints "crust" for "trust," the accepted reading. The editor shows no intimate knowledge of Elizabethan verse. The eighty-two pages of notes are valuable only for their very liberal citations from Grosart, Saintsbury, Bullen, Schelling, Erskine, and other editors and critics, and we have not discovered that Mr. Braithwaite has made the smallest contribution to our knowledge of the period.

In "Ronsard and La Pléiade" (Macmillans) the Rt. Hon. George Wyndham offers another example of the versatility of English statesmen who combine political with literary distinction. Beginning with an essay of sixty pages on the literary aspirations and achievements of the famous group, the volume adds a judicious anthology and several translations, in the original metres. From the point of view of scholarship, the most interesting feature in the discussion is Mr. Wyndham's contention that the much-talked-of "Italian influence" on English Renaissance came, in this instance, through the filtration of French literature. Not only Spenser and Sidney, but "the majority of Elizabethan sonneteers concentrated their attention on contemporary France, and de-

rived their knowledge of Italian work from adaptations by Ronsard and Desportes" (p. 49). As this dissertation concludes with an eloquent paragraph urging a similar *entente cordiale* to-day, we can but congratulate the author on the consistency and continuity of his plan. His translations are faithful, and not without the attractiveness of hybrids and exotics in general; still, one may doubt the quality of an English sonnet in Alexandrines, though

Quand vous serez bien vieille, le soir, à la chandelle
is indisputably genuine French. In the rendering of "Mignonne, allons voir si la rose," the ear is jarred by such rhymes as "lament," "raiment"; "mother," "by her." A graceful dedication, in verse, after the fashion of Swinburne, completes this study.

Several large collections of coins in Great Britain, the most famous of which is in the British Museum, afford English scholars a unique opportunity for the study of numismatics. That they have taken full advantage of their favored position is proved by such works as B. V. Head's "Historia Numorum," now entering on a new edition, Percy Gardner's "Types of Greek Coins," George Macdonald's "Coin Types," G. F. Hill's "Handbook of Greek and Roman Coins," as well as the last-named author's more recent volume, "Historical Greek Coins" (The Macmillan Co.). The plan of this new book is to present as nearly as possible in chronological order a series of coins interpreted with less regard to economics and art than to the light they directly throw upon history. In his preface the author explains that he has chosen for discussion pieces which, "by the mere fact that they were issued, or else by information conveyed through their fabric, types, inscriptions, or standard, actually add their quantum to our knowledge of the period to which they belong. Sometimes, as in the case of the coins struck after the battle of Cnidus, the amount added is considerable. Sometimes, however, as with the early didrachm of the Achæan League, the coins cannot be said to do more than throw a pleasantly illustrative light on the period." They are especially valuable for illustrating the foreign connections of a state, the extent and direction of its commerce, and the growth and decline of its economic and even of its political importance. The work begins with the invention of coins, probably by the Lydians, and traces the expansion and development of Greek coinage to near the opening of the Christian era. As an elementary treatise it presents the subject in a clear, straightforward style, unhampered by details, yet with some attention to the historical problems involved. The glossary of technical terms will be found useful to the reader. Abundant illustrations are provided in the thirteen plates in addition to several cuts in the text. In some cases the reader may be unwilling to accept the author's view. The treatment of Solon's coinage (p. 12 ff.) is not altogether convincing, and some may feel that the author is unjust toward Themistocles (p. 48); but these are subjects on which opinions may differ. The high reputation of the author is a sufficient guarantee for the scholarship of the work. If it meets with the encouragement which it deserves, "it may be followed by a com-

panion dealing with Historical Roman Coins."

Few events of the French Revolution have aroused more rancorous passions in the breasts of writers, both royalist and republican, than the episode which forms the chief part of G. Lenôtre's vivid and captivating narrative, "The Flight of Marie Antoinette" (Translated by Mrs. Rudolf Stawell; J. B. Lippincott Co.). M. Lenôtre confines himself largely to the relation of the drama itself, leaving aside its causes and consequences. Indeed, the author creates in the reader's mind the illusion of his personal presence at every scene. Although the work is fully documented, the author can scarcely be said to add much to our knowledge of the subject. This is not surprising, the hunters have been so many and so keen. It is by the precision and arrangement of details and by their picturesque setting that he has succeeded in creating a fresh interest. To achieve this result he has had recourse to all sources of information: national archives, private archives, and memoirs past counting. The skilful use he makes of this material, balancing probabilities against probabilities, checking one document by another, and always picking out with unerring finger the convincing, essential fact, is as striking as the intensity of life which he manages to give to his revival of the past. No historian of the period has shown so forcibly by what a fatal chain of secondary causes—trivial causes, too, that could all have been easily counteracted—the well-arranged plans of Fersen were rendered unavailing. M. Lenôtre writes sympathetically of Louis XVI.; but his picture of the loutish sovereign, always doggedly obstinate at the wrong time, is calculated to excite more irritation than pity. M. Lenôtre is by no means a thoroughgoing partisan of Marie Antoinette, and therefore the light he sheds on the innocence of her relations with Fersen is the more convincing. Fersen was her lover, but in the high and noble sense of the term. Subtle as is M. Lenôtre in rendering individual impressions, he is still more successful in analyzing great popular emotions. The chapter which describes the agitation of the peasants of Champagne, the mustering of the civic guards, and their mad rush to Varennes, is extremely interesting. The book has been exceptionally illustrated. Most of the portraits have never been published before, and are reproduced directly from miniatures. Then there is a large number of little pictures, drawn from photographs or from nature, which enable us to trace the lumbering berline and its occupants through all the scenes, and to all the halting places on the route: the streets, roads, hotels, post-houses, yards, are all vividly represented.

A "History of the Town of Middleboro, Massachusetts," by Thomas Weston of the Suffolk Bar, has been issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is the opinion of the author of this valuable addition to New England local history that it should have been written fifty years ago, when there were yet living men by whom the earlier traditions were still well remembered. In this statement some allowance must be made for Mr. Weston's modesty, for, appointed by a responsible committee as town historiog-

rapher, he has made no mention of himself in the text or index. He might advisedly have said that there were some compensations in delay, for the present work has profited by some excellent recent models. The early annals of the older New England towns have necessarily a measure of similarity. If, therefore, Mr. Weston's story is in part familiar, it is because Middleboro has as good a claim to such phases and incidents as many another town. But it had also a distinct character and history of its own. The event of greatest immediate significance in Middleboro's long career was King Philip's War, when all the dwelling houses and out-buildings, as well as the town records and documents, were burned, though there were happily wanting those scenes of carnage so terribly visited on other settlements. Since no one has ever been willing to take New England's mineral history seriously, it is difficult to present to believing ears the claims of Middleboro as a mining and early manufacturing centre; yet here was dredged, for many years, from the bottom of Assawampsett and its little family of ponds, a quality of iron ore more satisfactory than bog iron; and here were developed thriving industries, employing many men in the forges, slitting mills, nail, ordnance, and other factories. Chief among the owners of these enterprises was Peter Oliver, the most prominent person who ever lived in Middleboro, who, after he rose to be chief justice, used to ride to Boston in full state, with scarlet-clad outriders. No trace is left of stately Oliver Hall, and it would have been well if Mr. Weston had defined more sharply the present condition of the site of this memorable abode of colonial magnificence and hospitality. Racy of a soil rich with tradition is the chapter on early purchases from the Indians, and the necessary map which goes with it. The 26 Men's Purchase, the 5 Men's Purchase, the Little Men's Purchase, the Sixteen Shilling Purchase—these, with their expressive titles, speak visibly of shrewd, but not dishonorable bargainings.

"The Dog Book," by James Watson (Doubleday, Page & Co.), is from the pen of a man eminently fitted for his task. He has been owner, breeder, and judge of the animal for many years; and while he is something of a specialist in certain breeds, he is thoroughly familiar with all, and his statements will generally pass unquestioned. Regarding the genesis and early history of the dog, Mr. Watson has written entertainingly, and, while some of the matter is old, much will be new to his readers. Doubtless his positive statement that while the dog and the fox and the dog and the wolf will mate, the interbreeding of their progeny is impossible, will be disputed—and, for that matter, it has been—but Mr. Watson seems to have the better of the argument. Valuable information is offered in the chapter on the dog in the house, and the arguments in favor of the short-haired breeds are sound; but his statement that "for a city dog give preference to something of moderate size, even the smaller toy dogs, although setters and pointers do very well," is open to debate. Mr. Watson might have gone further and declared that the city is no place for a dog, and his dictum would have been sup-

ported by hundreds of thousands of dog lovers. Though he is not a veterinarian, his judgment on the ill of the dog and their treatment is worth regarding. Feeding in particular is discussed in great detail, but the many indulgent women who own dogs and constantly overfeed them are not likely to see the book. Managers of kennels would have a more profitable business were they to study carefully the chapter on proper handling of the animal in large numbers. Mr. Watson also tells how to turn a dog into a prize winner. Time and time again has a pet dog been sent to a bench show, and has come away without even a H. C., while its owner has seen its brother carry off the blue ribbon. The reasons for this are many and are fully described. Mr. Watson explains how the experienced fancier takes up his dogs at least two months before showing, and works over them every day until they are in the best condition. The author considers each breed, gives its life history, the points necessary in a perfect specimen, and illustrates each chapter with well-printed photographs. Unfortunately there is no index.

Motorists and other superficial travellers may find stimulation in "Winged Wheels in France," by M. M. Shoemaker (Putnams). The book records a rapid rush through France with inevitably hasty observation and numerous omissions of not unimportant objects of interest. Aigues-Mortes and the Pont-du-Gard find no mention in the southern part of the tour; "Toulouse . . . is not a place of interest for the tourist" (p. 39); the French are a queer people; and so on. Guide-books and manuals of history supply the information, original comment dwelling often on hotel accommodations, and the chances of motor-travel. The illustrative photographs, which are well-selected, might, of course, be procured independently of the volume.

The German author Dr. Ludwig Fulda has just published, under the title "Amerikanische Eindrücke" (Cotta: Stuttgart), the impressions made by a recent visit to the United States. Although not entirely free from the tendency to bold generalizations, in which Europeans are likely to indulge when recording their views concerning the institutions and people of America, Fulda aims to be just, and shows, on the whole, discernment in the formation of his judgments. Yet our author, notwithstanding his caution, does not always distinguish the essential and permanent from the casual and transient. He thinks the great historical process which once transferred the seat of intellectual culture and the centre of world-sovereignty from Asia to Europe, will be repeated by a similar transfer from Europe to this side of the Atlantic. The only means of preventing or delaying this impending movement, is, in Dr. Fulda's opinion, the formation of "The United States of Europe," a union of all the nations of the Old World, not under one government, but in one great confederation of political communities, so constituted as to work together as a single body for the promotion of material prosperity, political power, and intellectual productivity. Such a coalition would lead first of all to the abolition of standing armies, which are a fatal source of weakness in the competitive struggle of continents. How-

ever ardently our author desires to see such a union called into existence, and however strongly convinced of its efficacy, he is forced to deem it Utopian, under the present conditions of international jealousy and hostility.

In a pamphlet entitled "Der alte Orient und die Bibel," Prof. Hugo Winckler, the Assyriologist of Berlin, strikes out in a new direction in the interpretation particularly of the genesis and development, not only of the Old Testament religion, but of religion in general. While making no attempt to undermine the literary analysis of the sources as currently accepted, he declares that the facts of Babylonian culture and civilization that have come to light show that the Old Testament religion cannot be explained as a mere development from an elementary faith of Arabian nomads. His argument is an attack upon the natural development hypothesis so fundamental in the Wellhausen school.

Whatever one may think of the methods of rescue missions there can be no question of the genuineness of such a man as "S. H. Hadley of Water Street," whose story is told by the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman (Fleming H. Revell Co.). Hadley came of best New England stock, was a rather wild youth in a primitive section of Ohio in the years succeeding the Civil War, became a common drunkard, thief, and gambler, but was thoroughly transformed and lived a life of devoted usefulness for over twenty years. His religious experience was of the usual evangelical type, but was notable for its positiveness and thoroughness. Dr. Chapman has yielded somewhat disproportionate space to the eulogies pronounced over Mr. Hadley at the time of his death.

A handy pocket edition of Nietzsche's "Werke," with an explanatory preface and biographical introduction by his sister, Elizabeth Förster-Nietzsche, has just been published by Naumann in Leipzig. The arrangement of the condensed contents is strictly chronological, and gives a clear and concise survey of the intellectual development of the author.

Francis Charmes, who has been chosen editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in succession to Ferdinand Brunetière, has been long connected with that periodical as writer of its political *chroniques*. Born in 1848, he began his career as a political journalist in 1872, when he went on the staff of the *Journal des Débats*, which had just gone over to the cause of republicanism. He enjoyed the protection of Thiers, rose to an important position in the ministry of foreign affairs, entered the Chamber of Deputies, and is at present Senator from the Department of Cantal. Concerning his election to be head of the great French review it is stated that he was the unanimous choice of the Supervisory Council of Five, in whom the naming of the chief editor is vested, subject to ratification by the general meeting of stockholders. The Council, consisting of Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, Gaston Boissier of the French Academy, the Vicomte d'Avenel, Charles Richet, and Mme. Edouard Pailleron, had to consider the names of several eminent candidates, including the Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé, René Bazin, and René Doumic. The Council

decided in favor of M. Charmes because of his freedom from narrow party and literary affiliation.

The new Royal Library at Copenhagen, recently opened, is a model of the complete and modern library building. The architect was Prof. Hans Holms. The book rooms have floors of iron grating; an extensive system of telephones connects all parts of the building; the cleaning is done by the vacuum process; special rooms have been arranged for photographing manuscripts. The magazine department offers access to more than five hundred periodicals. The Royal Library contains more than six hundred and fifty thousand volumes. It owns the manuscript of the *Edas*, as also the famous Icelandic manuscript known as the "Flateo book," with its account of the discovery of "Vinland."

STUDIES IN HISTORY.

The Life of Sir Henry Vane the Younger, with a History of the Events of his Time. By William W. Ireland. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50 net.

"Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old," is best known to the world as the subject of the sonnet of Milton—a great title to distinction if there were nothing else. Readers of history know him as the man who perhaps, next to Cromwell, was the most important figure of the English Commonwealth; the man who, as Baxter said, was that within Parliament which Cromwell was without, and who at the coming back of the Stuarts underwent for his service a noble martyrdom. In America a still higher significance has been recognized in Vane. His first American biographer, C. W. Upham, asserts that his name is the most appropriate link to bind together England and America—a claim not without basis when it is remembered that he has the almost unique distinction of an eminent political career in America and also in England; that largely owing to him the methods of the Independents in erecting the English Commonwealth were called the "New England way"; and that his best years were spent in an effort, premature but most able and energetic, to set up in England, in place of a monarchy, government of, by, and for the people. The effort for popular government appeared to fail, but as John Richard Green has remarked, during the centuries since that time England has done little else than adopt, slowly and tentatively, but surely, the programme laid down by the party of which Vane was the chief.

A statesman of this sort ought not to be forgotten by republicans, nor is he likely to be. Vane has been, up to the present, the subject of four biographies—the earliest by George Sikes; his contemporary and disciple; a later one by the well-known John Forster; and two lives by Americans, C. W. Upham, and after an interval of nearly fifty years, J. K. Hosmer. To the four Mr. Ireland now adds a fifth, a thing not superfluous if his predecessors have failed in judgment or research, or if new sources of information have been opened. Mr. Ireland is an Englishman of mature years and wide experience, practised in writing books, and so far conversant with matters both civil and military as to be able to take up

intelligently the history of a disturbed period. His sympathy with Vane and with the ideas of the English Commonwealth is strong, his industry marked. The outcome of his labors is a well-studied and interesting book.

In his narrative of Vane's American years Mr. Ireland falls into some errors. The hunting-grounds of the Pequots certainly did not lie "between Plymouth and Massachusetts" (page 75). Since the careful essay of George Sheldon, the Connecticut valley antiquary, no writer ought to give as sober fact the story of the regicide Goffe, "The Grey Champion," in the Indian attack on Hadley (page 432). A tradition ardently cherished by Harvard men is that Vane presided at the council at which the college was founded, an honor which we understand Mr. Ireland to assign to Winthrop (page 96). Mr. Ireland professes to base his account of Vane's English career and the politics of the Commonwealth period on the sources, and he has used diligently both printed documents and manuscripts of the seventeenth century. But there are important authorities which he seems not to have read, or read without being impressed. We do not, for example, notice any reference to the labors of Charles Harding Firth, author of "Cromwell's Army," and other works upon the Ironsides, and editor of the Clarke Papers, the records of an official with the army abounding in the most instructive details. If Mr. Ireland has studied these authorities, his portrayal of the work of the army, the rank and file of the Ironsides, is strangely inadequate. While Cromwell, Vane, and even Ireton, still clung to the old order, trying to treat with Charles Stuart, who forever paltered with them in a double sense, the humble soldiers, under their steel caps, were measuring the King more accurately and devising plans for the betterment of their country on which republicans should ponder with admiration. The "agitators" were at work, and the "Agreement of the People," almost as American in its ideas as a document of Abraham Lincoln, was taking shape and receiving signatures. Mr. Ireland does not pass over quite unnoticed these lowly and sturdy heroes of Anglo-Saxon freedom, but we think they have much less prominence than they deserve in a report of that time of manly striving.

Of the higher and nobler significance of Vane, spoken of at the outset, as a link between the severed branches of the English-speaking race, and as the prophet and forerunner of a fraternal coming together of kindred peoples long separated, Mr. Ireland has nothing to say. Perhaps he is not aware that such a conception of his hero has obtained in America or elsewhere. He professes to deal only with sources. "Later histories I have not read, or only looked at after my pages were composed" (page vii). The book, we grant, is a scholarly and interesting presentation of a noted man and a glorious period. We believe it would have been better had the author considered, if only to confute them as unsound and extravagant, the conclusions of his collaborators.

The Ohio River, a Course of Empire. By Archer Butler Hulbert. With Maps and

Illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50 net.

Throughout history river valleys have been an important factor in human development, and not even the age of the railroad has destroyed that importance. There was a real place, therefore, for the "Historic River" series, and in that series the Ohio has a valid claim to a prominent place. Down its waters have passed hundreds of families of pioneers to southwestern Virginia and Kentucky, even before the way was open to legal settlement on the opposite side; and numerous rude flatboats dotted its forest-hemmed surface as soon as the rich lands of the Northwest Territory were available. The romance of this earlier history the author has portrayed very well, on the whole, though he has possibly gone a little beyond the mark in minimizing the actual danger to early settlers from wild animals, and in exaggerating the effect of snags, drift-piles, and swampy bottoms, upon the assumed beauty of the valley.

The succession of various kinds of craft which have dominated the navigation of the river makes an interesting story. Some features of it, however, have escaped the author's notice; for instance, the enormous lumber-rafts which, until the Allegheny pine forests were exhausted, were so common in spring freshets. As late as 1875, one could stand on some hill by "Long Reach" (the longest straight place in the whole river) and count nearly a score of these rafts on the fifteen miles of water within view. We miss, too, any account of the floating coal traffic which attained large proportions previous to the era of the steam "tow-boat"; and the date set for the practical close of the brilliant period of the Ohio River passenger steamer is too early. Such steamers as the *St. Charles*, the *Arlington*, and the *Major Anderson*, which were competitors in speed, interior decorations, and dining tables some years after the close of the Civil War, would have stood well among the best of twenty years earlier. The local traffic over the hundred miles between Parkersburg and Wheeling was large and comfortably cared for even much later; for it is only within less than twenty-five years that this portion of the valley has been traversed by a railroad.

The author is an ardent advocate of the present movement to secure slack-water navigation throughout the whole course of the river, and, with the completion of the nine-foot channel which is now the standard demanded by the promoters of the plan, he foresees an era of manufacturing activity all along the valley which will make it "the workshop of the world." It is, of course, true that the maintenance of water freight lines throughout the year would immensely facilitate the distribution of fuel, raw materials, and manufactured products; but, without the free competition which the perverted business ingenuity of dominant and not wholly philanthropic interests has found so many means of stifling, it is not so sure that the results would be as beneficial to all concerned as Professor Hulbert seems to imagine.

The author takes a lively interest in some of the sociological features of his subject, such as the meeting and intermarrying of

Yankee and Virginian, with other minor race elements, and the "Reign of the Outlaw and Rowdy" which characterized the days before law and order had overtaken the swifter march of the restless adventurer and the whiskey barrel. As to the race mingling, it may well be questioned whether that or anything else has given to the population of Ohio as a whole quite such a lead over all competitors in energy and ability as is assumed. The appeal to the group of Ohio men in high position, at Washington, on the occasion of Garfield's inauguration is not convincing. Neither Hayes nor Garfield would have had any chance of nomination except for peculiar conditions developed in the Republican conventions of 1876 and 1880, in the process of repeated balloting; and while all the men named were above the average in their respective lines of effort, not one of them can hope for a permanent place in history as a really great constructive statesman.

There is no chapter in this book which is not of historical interest and value. But without depreciating its genuine worth, it must be said that the treatment should have been more systematic and complete. We have already indicated some deficiencies. A careful outline of geological and geographical conditions, in relation to the material resources of the valley, is another desideratum. Considering the number and importance of these lacunæ, one must begrudge the ample space devoted to the romance of Blennerhassett, which is interesting enough in itself, but of no fundamental importance in the social, political, or material development of the region. The photographic illustrations are individually good, but here too the opportunity for a systematic and thorough representation of the valley has not been adequately used.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Patriot (Piccolo Mondo Antico). By Antonio Fogazzaro. Translated from the Italian by M. Prichard-Agnetti. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Piccolo Mondo Antico" was published ten years ago, the first member of a trilogy. The third member, "Il Santo," has already been rendered in English, and the second, "Piccolo Mondo Moderno" (to be called "The Sinner"), is in press. These books have been popular in Italy, and should find many readers in America. They present an Italy remote from that of D'Annunzio and distinct from that of Mr. Crawford, an Italy less foreign to the western sense, a land in which people appear to love and laugh and suffer in much our own way. The laughter is especially a relief, or perhaps one should say the quiet humor with which the novelist invests his narrative. The humor of the Latins is for the most part a crackling of thorns in the ear of the Shakespearean legatee, who is slow to realize that Rabelais and Cervantes and Boccaccio did not precisely die intestate. We are not suggesting that Signor Fogazzaro is to be compared to any of the masters, but only that his humor suggests that smiling catholicity of vision which makes the whole world kin.

The title of the present English version,

with its suggestion of the political-historical, is a little misleading. The action takes place, to be sure, at that tense moment which preceded the downfall of the Austrian power in Italy. But the hero, though his sympathies are with the national movement, and his steps are turned toward Piedmont, is more Romanist than patriot; and the momentous struggle takes place between his religious nature and the rationalistic nature of his wife. Yet the book is not a tract, or even a "Robert Elsmere." Fogazzaro has, the translator rightly says, "spared us the long and tedious tirades of personages who are, after all, simply mouthpieces, and has given us instead two warm and palpitating human beings, who live and act in accordance with their opinions, and whose innermost souls are laid bare to us by their own deeds, their own actions." The translation is admirably vigorous and idiomatic, a true conveyance, one surmises, of a forthright and undecorated original.

The Mystery. By Stewart Edward White and Samuel Hopkins Adams. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

As a deliberate feat in the pirate-and-treasure line, this is not bad. All the familiar elements are here—the mysterious voyage, the desert island, the fabulous prize, even the pirate with the hook instead of a hand. The only novelty lies in the nature of the sought-for and fought-for treasure. It is to be doubted whether novelty in this particular can give any permanent advantage to a story of the sort. Nothing can be really better than the old bags of gold, unless it were the old chests of jewels. Give us something that chinks, something heavy to the back and easily negotiable along the water-front, and we are content. A chemical formula is, on the whole, a dismal thing to bring away from a lonely island in tropic seas. However, we are not bothered with chemical detail, a fact to be grateful for in this age of scientific journalism; and we are able to behold the effect at least of the product of our formula. The narrative sags badly amidships, but the faith of the romancer serves to keep us afloat till we reach port.

The Malefactor. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

An amusing yarn, and not without a moral. The title is a studied misnomer, since the supposed malefactor is really a most well-disposed and well-doing person. This fact the reader should be good-natured enough not to discover till the author is ready for him; for by means of this concession, which nobody with the soul of a novel-reader can grudge, he will put himself in accord with an ingenious and well-told bit of fiction. If the malefactor is a sham, the lady of his choice is not; and there are other credible and engaging persons and circumstances involved in the story.

Hugo: A Fatasia on Modern Themes. By Arnold Bennett. New York: F. M. Buckles & Co.

This fantasia, as the author rightly names it, might almost deserve a place among the "New Arabian Nights"; it is as

fantastic, as adventurous, as disconcerting as any of Stevenson's inventions. It might be as effective if it were less casual and less diffuse. The author evidently wrote it offhand and let it go as an improvisation. The result shows an ingenious but not sure fancy. Hugo is proprietor of an immense shop in London. He falls in love with a milliner in one of his innumerable "departments." She weds another, is pursued by a third, officially dies, is bereft timely of her spouse; and returns in due season to life and Hugo. It is all very absurd and pleasant; all the more so that the writer appears to be regarding his own fable with merely good-humored toleration. What most warms us to him is the occasional apparition of demurely droll passages, which would make us forgive much in the way of prolixity and of commonplace.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Perhaps no single work by Robert Browning contains so many poems that are still high favorites as the two volumes issued in 1855 under the title of "Men and Women." A proof copy of the work which we have recently examined shows a number of interesting variations from the first published edition. This copy is very different in appearance from ordinary proof. It is printed on both sides of the sheet on good paper. The first two sheets are marked in pencil "Only proof," and on two or three pages are printers' queries in ink, but otherwise, except for a few corrections in Browning's own autograph, to be described later, the pages are clean as in a finished book. The two volumes are bound in one, in "binder's cloth," the edges trimmed. Before the issue of the first edition about six hundred words were altered, and in about eleven hundred cases the punctuation was changed. Many equally important passages might be selected, but the following will suffice to show Browning's method:

Vol. I, p. 77, stanza 42 of "By the Fireside," in the proof reads:

For a chance to make your little much,
To gain a lover and lose a friend
Tug though you venture a myriad such;
Nothing you mar but the year can mend:
But a last leaf—fear to touch!

In the first published edition this stanza is printed:

For a chance to make your little much,
To gain a lover and lose a friend,
Venture the tree and a myriad such.
When nothing you mar but the year can mend!
But a last leaf—fear to touch.

The colon after "mend," and the exclamation after "touch" are restored in the final revision of 1888, and perhaps earlier.

Volume I, page 85, stanza 10, of "Any Wife to Any Husband," in proof, is:

So, what if in the dusk of life that's left,
A foot-sore traveller of his sun bereft
Look from his path when, mimicking the same,
The fire-fly glimpses past me, come and gone?
Where was it till the sunset? Where anon
It will be at the sunrise: what's to blame?

In the first edition:

So, what if in the dusk of life that's left,
I, a tired traveller, of my sun bereft,
Look from my path when, mimicking the same,
The fire-fly glimpses past me, come and gone.
Where was it till the sunset? where anon
It will be at the sunrise! what's to blame?

One of the most important changes is in "Andrea del Sarto" (Vol. II, p. 9). The fa-

millar lines in which the painter describes the way he worked while at the court of Francis I. originally read:

One arm about your shoulder, round your neck,
The jingle of his gold chain in your ear,
You painting proudly with his breath on you.

In revising these lines Browning changed this to the first person, but the first word of the third line be overlooked. In the first edition these three lines read:

One arm about my shoulder, round my neck,
The jingle of his gold chain in my ear,
You painting proudly with his breath on me.

In later editions this last line is corrected to read:

I painting proudly with his breath on me.

Many variations occur in "Old Pictures in Florence," which, has, in the proof, the title "Opus Magistri Jocti." But this poem, even in the worked over and revised text of the first edition was not satisfactory to its author. Shortly after the publication of "Men and Women," Browning sent a copy of the book to Dante Gabriel Rossetti with a letter in part as follows:

I perceive some blunders in my poems, which I shall not, I think, draw attention to, but quietly correct hereafter. But it happens unluckily that the worst of them occur just in a thing I would have you like if it might be—so please alter the following in your copy, before you begin it, won't you?

The "thing" which he hoped would please Rossetti was "Old Pictures in Florence," and the list of errata, sixteen in number, are, with two exceptions, corrected by Browning in his autograph in the proof. Although these fourteen alterations are made in manuscript, in nearly ninety other cases the first edition differs from the proof either in words or punctuation.

The "Bibliography of Thomas Wentworth Higginson," issued by the Cambridge Public Library, has the advantage of being based on a note-book of Col. Higginson's. It has been elaborated by Mrs. Winifred Mather and Miss Eva G. Moore. The little pamphlet shows a long life of literary activity, beginning with a poem in the *Christian Examiner*, in 1843, when the author was nineteen, and including contributions to the magazines of the year just past. We may note that from 1877 to 1904 Col. Higginson regularly wrote the criticism of verse for the *Nation*.

On Monday and Tuesday, January 21 and 22, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city offers at auction a collection of Americana and a collection of Lincolniana, including some rare memoirs and eulogies. Some of the items are Mercy Warren's "History of the American Revolution," 1805, 3 vols.; the first edition of Jeremy Belknap's "The Foresters," 1792; first edition of Timothy Dwight's "Conquest of Canaan," 1785, and "Greenfield Hill," 1794; Harmon's "Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America," 1820, and Flint's "Recollections of the Last Ten Years in the Valley of the Mississippi," 1826.

On the same days the Anderson Auction Company of this city sells a selection of books from the libraries of Gen. Francis Fessenden and William Pitt Fessenden. Isaiah Thomas's folio Bible of 1791, the first folio edition printed in America; the first edition of Dryden's "Cleomenes," 1692; Lamb's "Elia," with the "Essays, Second

Series," Philadelphia, 1828, both uncut, are among the books offered.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston sell the library of William J. Mackay of Springfield, Mass., with some books from other sources. A number of Massachusetts and Connecticut town histories and local books, and a number of books on Indians, and the languages of several Indian tribes are included. Some letters and manuscripts from the papers of Samuel Williams, historian of Vermont, are also of considerable interest. Among these is a portion, 228 pages quarto, of his own manuscript of the history, accompanied by several letters relating to the publication of the second edition. There are also letters to Williams from Ira Allen, Isaiah Thomas, and the Rev. John Sergeant.

The Makers of English Poetry.—The Makers of English Prose. By W. J. Dawson. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.50 net each.

The reissue of these two volumes in a revised edition, together with the publication, a few months ago, of "Makers of English Fiction," by the same author, completes definitively a body of criticism at which Dr. Dawson, as he tells us, has been working for fifteen years, and which he entitles collectively "The Makers of Modern English." Here, then, is at last something rare in the language—a comprehensive survey of English literature with an eye to the development of its several genres, comparable for scope and general design with Brandes's "Main Currents," say; or any other of the more consecutive efforts of European criticism. It will not be amiss, therefore, to draw the comparison which Dr. Dawson seems himself to invite. What strikes the reader most forcibly, perhaps, in Émile Faguet's "Siècles"—which are probably the nearest thing in French to Dr. Dawson's "Makers of Modern English"—is the fact that the writer's criticism is controlled by a perfectly clear and consistent idea of the nature of literature and the function of criticism. And what is true of M. Faguet, is true of the French critic in general. His ideas may be right or wrong; but at all events his criticism is the expression of them, and upon them his rank as a critic largely depends. To review Dr. Dawson's judgments in detail would be impossible; but for the application of such a test as this, he has afforded every facility in the general confession with which he opens the first volume of his series.

At the outset he formulates the one principle capable of presiding satisfactorily over such a work as he is undertaking—the essential unity of literature, a principle but dimly perceived as yet in English criticism. English literature, he says, "may be compared with a tree which has passed through various stages of growth," or, better, perhaps, "with a river which has broadened and deepened in its course." In short, literature is, to use Brunetière's favorite term, an evolution. The critic who attempts to follow it ought to account for its development and gradual accretion; he ought also to be prepared, if necessary, to recognize its degeneration and decline. In particular, he should trace its

chief branches and the various tributaries which have from time to time augmented the main waters and confirmed and modified their general course. What we require is to know each poet's contribution to the conception of English poetry. But this is just what Dr. Dawson does not tell us. Had he done so, he would not have dismissed Byron in ten pages, as against Tennyson's ninety-seven and Browning's forty-four.

In spite of his initial declaration, Dr. Dawson has no pretension or desire to write a history of ideas; indeed, he hardly sees literature as a matter of ideas at all. His conception is strictly industrial and in thorough harmony with the spirit of modern institutions. He looks upon the "critic" as a kind of "middleman" or peddler of literary notions to "the vast mass of readers who have no time to devote to intricate literary problems and the ever multiplying details of literary history"—the new generation of readers who have no time for reading. In other words, he is a mere popularizer of received opinion, with occasional discretionary powers in the case of vexed or unsettled questions, though where that opinion which should form his stock-in-trade is to come from, when criticism itself is finally contained within such narrow limits, we are not informed.

With this view of his function it is not astonishing that Dr. Dawson's performance should be rather tame and insignificant—a register, for the most part, of critical commonplace, chequered to some extent with the colors of the medium through which it has passed. To be sure, such personal coloring, due to the critic's temperament, is common to all criticism. But in Dr. Dawson's case this special tinge is not so much a temperamental infusion as the result of an arbitrary and inconsistent refraction. Occasionally he writes as though literature were quite independent of morality, and yet at the same time he seems to hold the poet responsible for life and culpable for its evil as far as he has consented to recognize it. So in one place he appears to condemn Byron and all his works irrevocably: "They leave an evil taste upon the palate. The taint of morbid despair is on all he has written, and on much that he has written there is the worse taint of moral depravity." To the ordinary mind that would seem to settle Byron's pretensions to greatness. But a page or two later he declares, "To say that Byron is a great poet is not enough: he is among the greatest." Such unprincipled criticism cannot but be vicious. It tends to separate things that belong together. It would set life upon the one side and poetry upon the other, making the former to consist solely in conduct and the latter solely in versification. And this curious dualism pervades all Dr. Dawson's criticism. He is bound to approve of Browning for the excellence of his teaching—at least the greater part of the criticism is devoted to that purpose; though in Byron's case influence would seem to have nothing to do with poetic greatness.

In prose, however, Dr. Dawson gets along rather better, if anything; for in prose there is less temptation to confound the vehicle with the cargo. Prose is instinctively recognized as the instrument of ideas; and it is seldom that a mere com-

mand of the prose machine is supposed to confer literary greatness. And yet even here he does not altogether avoid confusion. In accounting for his particular selection of prose writers, he asserts that "it is the form that is the chief thing to be considered, and the degree of fresh and original force which creates a new form"; subsequently he modifies the statement so as to take account of "the scope and weight" of a writer's "contribution." Yet he excludes Mill from his "Makers of English Prose" with the apology that his "value" consists in his "contribution to thought" rather than in "anything which constitutes great literary excellence." This is evidently Dr. Dawson's dilemma; as often as he puts thought out at the door, it insists upon coming in through the window. For it is obvious enough, when he comes to estimate his individual authors, that thought does count with him in some manner. May it not be that the kind of thought makes a difference? But at all events, it would seem as though a critic, before undertaking to pass in review the main body of English prose and poetry, should have formed some fairly consistent idea of what constitutes literature and literary greatness.

Memoirs of My Dead Life. By George Moore. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50 net.

This book is chiefly of interest as the confession of faith of a writer who has attained a not altogether bad eminence as an English novelist—or novelist in English: Mr. Moore is far less "Anglo-Saxon" than most of the Murphys and Hennessys to whom Mr. Dooley points with pardonable pride as solid pillars of our Anglo-Saxon supremacy. Though Mr. Moore is of Irish birth, it is his vaunt that "Paris has made him what he is." He has a low opinion of religion and the Bible. Gautier is his prophet, and "Mademoiselle de Maupin" his "sacred book, . . . a great purifying influence, a lustral water dashed by a sacred hand." It follows that he has also a low opinion of marriage and of any pretence at an ordered relation between the sexes. Like Gautier, he is at pains to announce himself a pagan, by which is apparently meant an anti-Puritan. It has never, we suppose, occurred to a true pagan to boast of not being a Christian, or of not being bound by a moral code. Yet the affirmation which solidly underlies these negations, the affirmation responsible for whatever is good in Gautier, or Mr. Moore, or Arthur Symonds, or D'Annunzio—that life is an art, and that the purifying influence (the Aristotelian *katharsis*) of art is æsthetic rather than moral—is essentially pagan.

Of Mr. Moore, as of D'Annunzio, art and sex are the only preoccupations, or perhaps one may say, the single preoccupation, since they are plainly inseparable. The doubtful and ever-recurring question is whether this modern sex-art, with its extreme self-consciousness and its polite realism, actually effects any sort of *katharsis* upon healthy natures. Few normal readers born west of Calais (the fact may be absurd) are capable of perceiving the lustral office of "Mademoiselle de Maupin," or of "Il Trionfo del Morte," or of these "Memoirs." In "Esther Waters" love did,

though painfully, exist. In the "Memoirs" one finds merely the word. "It is only with scent and silk and artifices that we raise love from an instinct into a passion"; i. e., that we raise lust from a banality to an elegant accomplishment, to *l'amour*, in short. Mr. Moore has wished to record the achievements of a master of the craft of love, one who with subtle and fastidious art has drawn from life its purest essence and sweetest music—the essence and music, that is, of the sexual experience. Arthur Symonds has done this; Mr. Moore does not do it. Pan singing of his loves is a world away from the boulevardier recounting past triumphs. We wish much that the present memorialist had been able to tell his tales without the damning wink and leer: "I was what you, with your absurd prejudices, would doubtless call a sad dog; listen, and you shall hear all about it." Something like this, unfortunately, is the effect, though not the sound, of his summons to the reader.

This effect is not diminished by the character of the "Apologia pro Scriptis, Meis," with which the book is prefaced. It seems that the American publishers found some of the accepted material unprintable, and Bowdlerized the text. Mr. Moore was properly indignant that this should have been done; but it is a pity that the incident should have called forth such a defence. The "Apologia" is not an impressive utterance. Man must, it says, "seek in vain for a moral standard, whether he seeks it in the book of Nature, or the book of God."

With the degradation of the courtesan the moral standard has fallen, for as we degrade her we disgrace the act of love. "*Moi, je trouve la terre aussi belle que le ciel, et je pense que la correction de la forme est la vertu*" has become the heresy more intolerable than any other to the modern cleric, and to me and to all the ardent and intellectual spirits of my generation a complete and perfect expression of doctrine." And so on.

In regard to the charges that his book has an immoral tendency, Mr. Moore finds two convincing grounds of defence: First, that the newspapers are really much more immoral; and, second, that so is the spring. In other words, "I sell no worse poison than the newspaper saloon on the opposite corner, and as for Nature, if my work is dirty, it is not half so dirty as a mud-puddle, that generally accepted work of Nature." The book itself might more naturally have been written by a Frenchman than an Irishman; but the "Apologia," with its poses, its paradoxes, its supreme complacency, could hardly hail from any other clime than that which produced Mr. Moore's great compatriot and fellow-prophet, Bernard Shaw.

Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Edited by a Committee of the Instructors in Classics. Vol. XVII. Cambridge, Mass.

The Harvard Studies in Classical Philology for 1906 offer an especially interesting series of papers in literature as well as in technical scholarship. Prof. W. W. Goodwin's study of the Battle of Salamis, which appeared in 1875, has already received the approval of scholars like A. Milchöfer, Percy Gardner, Evelyn Abbott, and others. He revises the essay, and in the light of

a recent treatise by Lieut. Rhéadiades of the Royal Greek navy, modifies some details. He also answers convincingly, to our mind, certain objections of President B. I. Wheeler of the University of California, including his peculiar rendering of the "Persae," 382-385. The result is a satisfactory scheme, consistent with all the chief ancient authorities and with the strategic probabilities, the main feature of which is that the Persians blockaded both outlets of the bay of Salamis, but did not enter the straits till just before the battle began. Incidentally Professor Goodwin accepts, in opposition to Busolt, the tradition of "the divine full-moon" on the previous night.

Prof. J. H. Wright, in his paper on the origin of Plato's Cave, offers a genuine discovery which must add a footnote to future editions of "The Republic." He shows that this remarkable piece of presumably imaginative construction is not altogether drawn from the imagination. Its curious details were almost certainly a reminiscence of a cult of Pan and the Nymphs and Apollo, maintained in a cave on Mt. Hymettus, near the village of Vari, recently explored and described by Weller. The plan of the grotto coincides surprisingly with that of Plato's imaginary cave, and elucidates most happily its peculiar imagery.

Prof. J. W. White's illuminating paper, "An Unrecognized Actor in Greek Comedy," makes clear in detail the brisk and important rôle which Aristophanes often assigned to the second leader of a semi-chorus. This paper, together with the recent masterly discussion of the manuscripts of Aristophanes, reminds us that it is high time for an edition of Aristophanes to which these are prolegomena. An editor so ripe owes a duty to his public.

Prof. E. K. Rand successfully dispels a will-o'-the-wisp raised by Lucian Müller—the fancy that the Augustan poets entertained a coldness towards Catullus as a Roman representative of the Alexandrian school. He shows in detail, with much charm of style, that Virgil pays Catullus the compliment of frequent reminiscence, and of borrowing, generally with interest repaid. The silence of Horace he regards as no disparagement. As to the episode of Dido, he makes no allusion to the influence of Apollonius Rhodius. With regard to certain other parallels, we commend to Professor Rand what Tennyson says of his own supposed imitations. The range of ideas and of diction, in any given subject, has its own natural limitations.

Prof. C. P. Parker, in a refined and subtle piece of research, discusses the manifold shades of meaning of *spiritus* as used by Seneca, and of *πνεῦμα* by St. Paul and Marcus Aurelius. Prof. A. A. Howard seems to show conclusively, by a thorough analysis of the extant fragments, that Livy did not draw from Valerius Antias, but on the contrary, in the main, criticised and rejected his authority. We can only allude to the fresh and informing "Notes on Vitruvius" by Prof. M. H. Morgan, to the report of Prof. Minton Warren on five new manuscripts of Donatus on Terence, to the discussion of origin of the Taurobolium by Prof. C. H. Moore, and to the descriptions of an Amphora with a new *καλός* name by Dr. J. H. Chase, regretting that their contents do not admit of convenient summary.

Dr. Herbert Weir Smythe's address, "Aspects of Greek Conservatism," contains so much thought, sustained and buttressed by so much learning, expressed in a manner so finished and effective, that it is a shame to mew it up in the pasteboard covers of the "Classical Studies," or to risk its loss among the chips of a technical workshop. Would it be bad form if the Classical Department more frequently condescended to mere literature, and once in three or five years printed a volume of such essays? It would not be among the "best sellers," like "Ben Hur" and "David Harum," but it would be read and pondered with delight by a judicious remnant, such as sat through the rain last June to watch the beautiful and humanizing vision of "The Agamemnon." The prowess of our American scholars in philology and research is now recognized the world over. Their reputation being made and settled in pure science, let the Harvard classicists now descend to popularizing after the manner of Jebb and Butcher and Sellars and the Croisets. The germs of such literature may be discerned in the essays of Professors Parker and Rand. Meantime, the hungry sheep look up and are not fed.

Through Five Republics (of South America).

A critical description of Argentina, Brazil, Chili, Uruguay, and Venezuela, in 1905. By Percy F. Martin, F.R.G.S. With 128 illustrations and 3 maps. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$5 net.

Mr. Martin deprecates the tendency of Britishers resident in Argentina to be supercilious and unsympathetic in their attitude towards the natives. But he is himself guilty of what he condemns in another. Almost all the time, on his journey through the five republics, he gives the impression of holding his nose, while freely damning other people's eyes. It would, indeed, be hard to name a book of South American travels in which the author's suspicion, dislike, and contempt are so openly and continuously bestowed upon the luckless inhabitants. Mr. Martin, having taken small pains to *comprendre*, is at no pains at all to *pardonner*.

It should be added that this Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society has very little to say about nature in South America. He has no discoveries to report, no exploration to detail. He was, in fact, scarce off the beaten track. His great preoccupations were financial and industrial. Distinctly the most valuable parts of his book are the heaps of statistical information which he gives respecting the agriculture and commerce and banking and public works, above all, the railways, of the countries which he visited. All this is imparted with a minuteness better fitting a consular report, or a technical paper submitted to the Council of Foreign Bondholders, than a book for general reading. But the industry with which Mr. Martin has collected his figures and endless minutiae is commendable in spite of the rather deadening effect when they are all massed and offered you in lieu of entertainment.

All in all, the volume is heavy and dull. The persistent searcher after amusement, even in unlikely places, might find a certain joy in the consistently petulant and superior air with which Mr. Martin lec-

tures his republics and sets all the world right. This last he does with most gravity when most wrong himself—as when he makes Jean Jaurès President of the French Chamber (p. 58). On the Monroe Doctrine Mr. Martin comes out strong. He speaks of it as “dug up from an honorable retirement and flaunted in the face of the whole world, supported by the cheap bombast of President Roosevelt.” “It has always,” observes Mr. Martin, “been a matter of surprise to me that the European Powers . . . should have bowed the knee with so much humility to the preposterous Monroe Doctrine.” But, then, he is in a state of perpetual surprise and irritation at all sorts of things. The illustrations in the book he lets tell their own tale, which is the reason they are its best feature.

Andreas and the Fates of the Apostles: Two Anglo-Saxon Narrative Poems, edited, with introduction, notes, and glossary, by George Philip Krapp. Boston: Ginn & Co.

As is stated by Dr. Krapp in his preface, there has been no attempt at a comprehensive edition of the “Andreas” since Jacob Grimm published his “Andreas und Elene” in 1840; and “The Fates of the Apostles,” which stands in such a singular relation to it, has never before been edited with explanatory comment, or, indeed, in its entirety—that is, so as to include the runic passage discovered by Professor Napier in 1888. A good edition of these poems, therefore—and we know of no better edition of any Anglo-Saxon poem than the present—fills a long recognized want. Every part of the work gives evidence of the editor’s characteristic qualities, thoroughness and sound judgment. The glossary is practically exhaustive of the forms of the text, and the introduction and notes, though detailed, are executed in a workmanlike manner, and are free from the pedantry with which some recent editions of Anglo-Saxon poems have been charged. There was, of course, little to improve in the readings of a text which has been so often edited as the “Andreas,” but Dr. Krapp had already given proof of the care which he has bestowed on this part of his task in his “Notes on the Andreas” in “Modern Philology” (1905). With respect to the source of the poem, he adopts the commonly accepted and obviously correct view, viz., that this was a lost Latin version of the “Acts of St. Andrew.” The whole evidence bearing on the question is set forth in the Introduction.

As regards the two great questions of controversy (in part identical), which relate to the “Andreas,” namely, its Cynewulfian authorship, and its connection with “The Fates of the Apostles,” Dr. Krapp’s conclusions will commend themselves to the majority of Anglo-Saxon scholars. The first place should, of course, be given to the objective tests of language and metre, and it is on these grounds that Dr. Krapp justly, as we believe, denies the “Andreas” to Cynewulf. It may be remarked in addition, that the superiority of the “Andreas” in a literary sense to the poems which bear Cynewulf’s signature, points in the same direction. This superiority is doubtless due in part to the greater interest of the original

legend, but there is certainly nothing in the Saints’ Lives treated by Cynewulf to equal in execution the voyage in the “Andreas.” On the other hand, notwithstanding the puzzling double ending to “The Fates of the Apostles,” we agree with Dr. Krapp that this poem is a genuine production of Cynewulf’s, and is not to be connected with the “Andreas.”

As a matter of detail, it seems to us a mistake to speak of the occasional parallels to the “Beowulf” in the “Andreas” as imitations of the older poem. This Dr. Krapp, following the usual custom, does in several places. The parallels in question, however, are practically all formulas such as in all probability must have occurred in almost any Anglo-Saxon epic poem. It is merely the accident that the “Beowulf” alone of the Anglo-Saxon sagas in verse has been preserved in a single manuscript that creates the illusion. The point is one of some importance, inasmuch as such citations tend to put the “Beowulf” in the wrong perspective. As a matter of fact, all the evidence of the names of places and persons goes to prove that the Beowulf-saga was of inferior importance among the Anglo-Saxon tribes to those of Finn, Wade, and others.

Primitive Christian Education. By Geraldine Hodgson. Imported by Charles Scribner’s Sons. \$1.50.

The author of “Primitive Christian Education” was moved to make the book by the unfavorable—and, as she believes, unjust—judgments pronounced by many historians upon the influence of Christianity on education in the ancient world. To refute these adverse criticisms she went through the principal writings of the Greek and Latin fathers down to the fifth century, and collected what evidence she found of a more intelligent and sympathetic attitude toward classic literature and philosophy, together with considerable information about Christian schools and teaching.

The spread of Christianity was not the sole—nor even the chief—cause of the decay of the ancient culture; but it is hardly a convincing reply to the strictures of Compayré or Symonds to show that not all Christians were obscurantists, that some of the fathers were even proud of their profane accomplishments, or that the Church developed methods of religious education, which the author, who is “Mistress of Method” as well as “Lecturer on the History of Education,” deems pedagogically admirable. The materials which the author’s diligence has accumulated are, in themselves, interesting, but scrappy and ill-digested. Everywhere the absence of the large furniture of knowledge, which an investigation of such a subject demands, makes itself felt. Even matters on which correct information might have been got from the handiest encyclopædia are often wofully muddled. For example, take this about the Alexandrian Library (p. 51): “Demetrius of Phaleron, who acted as adviser to both father and son [Ptolemy Soter and Ptolemy Philadelphus], stated, about 385 B. C., that the two libraries together contained not less than 200,000 MSS.” Charity would regard the 385 as a misprint for 285 were it not that two pages farther on we read that Pergamon

was “founded (!) about 383 B. C. by Philætaerus, an absconding treasurer of the King of Thrace,” where, beside the errors of fact, the date is a mistake for 283. The rest of the story rests on no better authority than the Epistle of Aristæus, a Jewish fabrication, whose fraudulent character was first demonstrated by evidence that Demetrius of Phaleron was banished from Alexandria by Philadelphus immediately upon his accession, and shortly after died in arrest. But it is not the Alexandrian history alone that shows such slips. Mistakes in proper names and in details of more familiar epochs also occur quite too commonly.

Early Chinese Writing. By Frank H. Chalfant. Reprinted from the Memoirs of the Carnegie Museum, Vol. IV., No. 1.

This is a highly useful publication inasmuch as it acquaints scholars not familiar with Chinese literature with the early development of Chinese hieroglyphic art, the beginnings of which take us back well into the second millennium B. C. There is no lack of authorities on Egyptian and Western Asiatic hieroglyphics who have not even seen specimens of the corresponding script in China, because the literature on the subject has hitherto been buried in Chinese books known merely to sinologues.

That very important problem, whether the Chinese, in the dawn of their history, had any cultural connection with the Assyrians, Babylonians, or Egyptians, as might be shown in the construction of their hieroglyphics, has thus had but little chance for thorough discussion. The present publication will afford the best possible material for comparison and speculation. Some readers may feel tempted to compare Chinese hieroglyphics with the several pre-Columbian scripts of America; but the result, we venture to prophesy, will be negative. The most ancient Chinese have, like other makers of word symbols, tried to draw the pictures of natural objects, such as sun, moon, house, gate, man; and when comparing notes we need not be astonished to find similarities. The system of developing from these crude pictures further meanings by combination and the formation of synonyms may be common to the most distant nations, and can be explained by the uniform organization of the human brain. But the more we go into the detail of hieroglyphic art the more we shall be convinced that no connection between the culture of ancient China and the nations of Western Asia or Egypt can be assumed on the ground of similarities in their hieroglyphics. In comparing ideograms on both sides we may imagine that we detect similarities in shape, but on close examination we shall find that, with the exception of such easy pictures as those of sun, moon, etc., the meanings are widely different; and if we compare the meanings, we shall find that corresponding ideograms show no traces of affinity. This view is, of course, based on the little we know about non-Chinese hieroglyphics, and we must admit the possibility of fresh discoveries somewhere in the world, if not in Western Asia, causing us to change it.

The Rev. Frank H. Chalfant, during his missionary career extending over nineteen years in the province of Shan-tung, gave much time to the study of Chinese litera-

ture on hieroglyphic art. His material has been to a certain extent prepared by the Chinese themselves, who are excellent philologists, and in their criticisms generally exhibit common sense and caution. The Chinese cannot, unfortunately, boast of any such monuments as the royal tombs and the pyramids of the ancient Egyptians; but they have sacrificial urns, bells, and other objects, some of which probably date as far back as the fifteenth or sixteenth century B. C. The inscriptions found on these objects have received careful treatment at the hands of native scholars, who have recorded the ancient hieroglyphics in the shape of rubbings and facsimile prints. One of the most recent, and probably the most comprehensive, native work on the subject is the "Corpus Inscriptionum," published in 1803, by Yüan Yüan of Yang-chou-fu. Mr. Chalfant was also able to study a large number of hieroglyphics on a collection of tortoise shells and bones, used in ancient China for the purposes of divination, discovered near the present city of Wei-hui-fu in Ho-nan; also the legends of ancient coins, bronze and stone seals, and the trade-marks on old pottery. The Dictionary of the Han dynasty, known as "Shuowön," and published in A. D. 100 (not 120, as Mr. Chalfant says), represents a refined, conventionalized shape of the more ancient hieroglyphics. These and a few other Chinese works have furnished the stock of ideograms from which Mr. Chalfant has made a selection of some four hundred characters. He arranges them in a table under the following heads: (1) Meaning and Sound; (2) Modern Form; (3) Radical; (4) Seal Form, A. D. 100; (5) Older Forms (by far the most interesting portion, since they represent ideograms actually found in old inscriptions); (6) Probable Original (this latter shape being, of course, based on conjecture).

We may find fault with the author in a few matters of detail, as in his definition of that frequent and characteristic ideogram for *ting* (No. 364), which he describes as an "incense-tripod." This involves two slight errors; the most ancient sacrificial vessels were not used for burning incense—a misuse of later centuries—but to hold viands offered as sacrifice; and, further, the vessel called *ting* was not necessarily a tripod, since some *ting* had four feet, like the celebrated urn ascribed to Wön-wang of the twelfth century B. C. But all this does not diminish our gratitude for his having brought this interesting subject before the general public in such an intelligent manner. No public library should be without this book.

Mes Origines: Mémoires et Récits de Frédéric Mistral. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

There is little or nothing really new in this volume of memories—except the arrangement of its contents. Mistral's disciples and admirers have long been familiar with his "origins," as he calls the circumstances which have combined to make him a poet and the restorer of a language. The character of his ancestors; the habits and dispositions of his parents and relatives; the scenery, the local fêtes, the patriarchal usages, the folklore, and the chansons of his native village and district; the amusing adventures

of his childhood; the merits and demerits of his different boarding-schools and of their masters; his truanancies and other school-boy escapades; his school intimacies; his youthful affairs of the heart; the manner in which he took his bachelor's degree at Nîmes and pursued his law studies at Aix; his roistering larks with Alphonse Daudet; his friendship with Roumanille, Aubanel, Mathieu, Brunet, Giéra, Tavan, and the founding by them of the Society of the *Félibrige*; the motives which led him to devote seven years to writing "Mireille" and twenty years to compiling a dictionary of the *langue d'Oc*; and his conquest of Sainte-Beuve and Lamartine—these are all known to the well-read inhabitants of Provence and to the foreign students of the Provençal language and literature.

For over half a century Mistral has been printing his memoirs. He contributed entertaining reminiscences nearly every year from 1855 to 1895, to the popular Provençal annual, *Armana Prouvençau*, published at Avignon; and, since 1885, he has made similar contributions to *La Revue Félibrienne*, the organ of the *Félibrige*. But these productions (barring a few which have been translated) have been so secure under the locks and bolts of the Provençal tongue as to be practically inaccessible to the great majority of the reading public—even in France. For deigning to translate them into French, citizens of the reading world at large owe Mistral a triple debt of gratitude. First, because they are thereby privileged to view one of the most faithful and beautiful pictures of the sun-bathed land of the cigale and the olive that has ever been painted; second, because they are thereby enabled to associate (through some 350 pages) on terms of close and delightful intimacy with a most refreshing and magnetic personality; and, finally, because they may thereby make the acquaintance of a new master of French prose.

The Swedish Academy, in the letter announcing to Mistral its award to him of a Nobel prize, called special attention to the "fresh and artistic originality" of his poetry. M. Mistral's prose also is characterized by "fresh and artistic originality." It is absolutely free from the taint of the boulevard, and is not marred by preciosity. Never affected or overstrained, it is yet highly colored, replete with imagery, musical, and at times impassioned. But its crowning glory is verve—a quality sadly lacking in even the best of modern work, which is likely to be anæmic or cynical if highly finished, and morose or brutal if rough-hewn. M. Mistral's splendid vitality informs every page of this book. He writes, as the typical Provençal talks, vividly, picturesquely, and lyrically, without the slightest effort—because the red blood of the troubadours runs riot in his veins.

"Mistral's life," says Professor Downer in the concluding paragraph of his biography of Mistral, "is a successful life. He has revived a language, created a literature, inspired a people." Granted. He has done the work he set out as a youth to do, and he has done it well. And yet the qualities of Mistral's prose, as revealed by this book, are so surpassingly fine that it is impossible not to feel a

half-regret that he did not devote his life to French prose instead of to Provençal poetry. Had he done so, he would not have achieved more, perhaps—"Mireille" by itself is an achievement of which any writer might be proud—but he would have given exquisite pleasure to a much larger number of people.

Drama.

MADAME NAZIMOVA IN "A DOLL'S HOUSE."

By her performance of Nora in Ibsen's "A Doll's House" in the Princess Theatre on Monday afternoon, Madame Alla Nazimova has clearly established her right to be placed in the first class of living actresses, if not in the highest division of it. She exhibited remarkable versatility—one of the rarest gifts in these later days—a notable capacity of sustained impersonation, control of both humor and pathos, much emotional eloquence and boldness and delicacy in technical execution. Her Hedda Gabler was a woman of distinctly Oriental type—haughty, indolent, serpentine, and voluptuous—with the smoldering fires of passion glowing darkly beneath a veil of languorous cynicism; her Nora, in the earlier scenes, is a veritable child-wife, recalling the Dora of Dickens—a fragile, laughing, kittenish, irresponsible little thing, with the vaguest notion of right and wrong, ignorant as a baby and as heedless. She has become wife and mother without outgrowing the tricks and guile of the nursery. The one serious element in her character is her adoration of her husband, and that, too, has its origin in ignorance. In the graver scenes, when fear of exposure and punishment has gripped her, the effervescence of youthful spirits gradually vanishes, but the essential childishness of the mind remains; and the fine instinct, or intelligence, of the actress is never more apparent than in the distinction which she marks between the distressful perplexity caused by unforeseen consequences and the apprehensions of conscious guilt. She actually succeeds, and in this respect excels all predecessors in the part, in making the innocent intent of Nora in her forgery, fairly plausible. Her treatment of the final scene with Helmer is admirable in its utter simplicity and its quiet misery of heart-breaking disillusion. There is one noble emotional outbreak in it, charged with true pathos, where she cries out that she feels as if she had been living with a strange man.

But neither she, nor any one else, can make the character consistent as a whole. It is impossible to reconcile the Nora of the first two acts—the frivolous, impulsive, empty-headed doll—and the strong, resolute, clear-headed creature of the last. And, after all, her conduct is as irrational as her metamorphosis is incredible. She abandons her children because she is not fit to take charge of them, yet surrenders them to the care of a man whom she has divorced because he is incapable of loving anybody but himself. But the subject of discussion now is not "A Doll's House," but the acting of Madame Nazimova, which, without reference to its correctness as a bit of interpretation—as a matter of fact

her Hedda is French, Viennese, or Italian, rather than Norwegian—is an achievement of high artistic merit. If she can only master the English language she will be one of the brightest ornaments of the American stage.

A collection of Ibsen's posthumous papers has just been published by S. Fischer in Berlin. Although the contents of this "Nachlass" are somewhat fragmentary, they give the reader an accurate conception of the literary methods of Ibsen, showing how thoroughly he studied the characters of his plays. This creative process, or inner evolution, went on generally for about two years, and after its completion the drama was written in a very short time. Especially idiosyncratic are the psychological reflections of the author during the mental elaboration of the character of Nora in "A Doll's House," and his suggestive remarks concerning the intellectual and emotional dissimilarity between men and women, and consequently their different points of view in regard to their mutual relations and social obligations. A comparison of the first draft of this piece with the finished work reveals the fact that the action is more tragical and has a more fatal issue in the former than in the latter. The same is true of "The Lady of the Sea." The same publisher has recently issued also a small volume by the Norwegian, John Paulsen, entitled "Im Verkehr mit Ibsen," which contains many anecdotes and utterances of the dramatist as well as intimate observations of his daily life.

Miss Ellen Terry and her English company of thirty-five persons left England last Saturday for this country. She will make her first appearance in Bernard Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" on January 23, in the Empire Theatre in this city. This piece will be followed by "The Good Hope" and "Nance Oldfield."

Madame Réjane has opened her new theatre in Paris with "La Savelli," taken from the romance of that name by Gilbert Augustin-Thierry, son and nephew of the famous historians. The plot concerns a conspiracy of Italian carbonari towards the end of 1858, evidently with Orsini as a model. The historical part is well done, as in all the author's romances; it is a pity these "serious" and powerfully written works have never made their way into English, if only for the benefit of historical knowledge.

A new piece at the Comédie Française, "Poliche," is not likely to be represented in countries not yet obsessed by sexuality. The author, Henry Bataille, is a guarantee of writing of the very highest literary quality, but this does not authorize us in wasting tragic pity on the sentimental amours of the half-world, there still being enough love of ordinary decent mortals left unwept.

Music.

PROGRESS IN MUSICAL EDUCATION.

Haydn brushed the clothes and blacked the boots of Porpora. Schubert, when teaching music at Zelesz, took his meals with the servants of his employer. In Weber's day musicians in a London drawing-room were separated from the guests

by a cord. Thanks to the strong personalities of Liszt and Wagner, and the improvement in the general culture of musicians, prominent composers or performers are now welcomed and honored in the salons of royalty, aristocracy, and plutocracy. Not all, however, is as yet smooth sailing. Ralph L. Baldwin, supervisor of the public schools at Hartford, Conn., asserts that the large majority of our educational authorities still "have to be convinced of the educational value of music study, for many consider it as a mere accomplishment, to be reckoned with dancing," Thomas Whitney Surette declares that there are still those who look on music indiscriminately as mere folderol, and who class all musicians with organ-grinders. He tells of a little girl who, after he had played a piece of Schumann's at her home, turned to her mother, and whispered: "Mamma, give the man a penny."

Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Surette are contributors to the papers and proceedings of the Music Teachers' National Association at its twenty-eighth annual meeting, published by the Association as "Studies in Musical Education, History, and Aesthetics" (Ralph L. Baldwin, Hartford; \$1.60). The object of this Association is to do for music what the various annual congresses do for medicine, geography, natural history, and other branches of knowledge. The last convention was devoted primarily to the discussion of musical education in American conservatories, colleges, and universities; and the dozen lectures by well-known experts thus brought between two covers, make this the most valuable known storehouse of information on this important subject.

That it is important is being increasingly acknowledged from year to year. Some of our States have school laws making music compulsory, while others have special laws favoring it. How general is the demand for a musical education is evident from the fact that in the High School at Hartford it was found last year that 700 pupils out of an enrolment of 1,100 had taken lessons in vocal or instrumental music, under outside private teachers. "Why," asks Mr. Baldwin, "should the State compel the parent to educate a talented child in music at his own expense, when there is offered a business education, training in manual arts, cooking, sewing, languages, science, painting, etc.?" Considering the omnipresence of music, in church, at weddings, at funerals, at all social occasions, not to speak of refreshing entertainments, is not the knowledge and appreciation of this art at least as important as learning how to run the lathe, dissect a frog, or solve a problem in algebra? Prof. A. A. Stanley of the University of Michigan has solid ground for his sarcasm when he wonders whether the creator of a new symphony which contributes to the happiness of the race is not quite as worthy of the highest academic degree as the student who brings to light some novel use of *ab* in Latin or adds a new prong to a Greek root.

Prof. W. R. Spalding of Harvard believes the day is not distant when a knowledge of musical history and of the works of the great composers will be considered as important an element in a man's culture as a knowledge of the history and

literature of any nation. "Are not the names of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Verdi, Brahms, and Wagner quite comparable with Milton, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, and Browning?" As a means of training the senses, the mind, the muscles, music is preëminent:

Any one studying music in a serious, methodical way is training his ear in keen and accurate hearing, his eye in quick, comprehensive seeing, his brain in clear thinking, his imagination in constructive design, his hands and (in organ-playing) his feet in physical dexterity of a high order.

A quarter of a century ago there were few American universities whose curriculum included French and German; today the leading universities require both these languages for admission. Music has apparently started on a similar course. Harvard now counts harmony and counterpoint on equal terms with the other subjects for admission, and other institutions are following its example. The experts are not agreed as to all details, but the opinion prevails that colleges should teach music theoretically only, but universities also practically, as they do law, medicine, dentistry, etc. Prof. H. C. MacDougall of Wellesley voices the opinion that when once the higher schools of learning do their full duty toward this art, music study will probably pass from irresponsible individual teachers to the responsible, authoritative university. This would certainly go far toward solving the problem of charlatanism in music-teaching, which does such incalculable harm to ambitious students.

One of the most noteworthy aspects of this collection of papers by eminent educators is their liberal attitude toward the semi-automatic instruments which are being made and sold at present in such enormous numbers. Far from denouncing them as a damage to musical art, they hail them as a blessing. Edward Dickinson, professor of musical history at Oberlin College, declares that the "piano player" is so useful that one might almost imagine that it was "invented for the sake of teachers of music history. It is to the music student what photographs are to the student of art. In my own work, I am sure, I should be seriously crippled if I were forced to do without it."

The third symphony concert for young people will be given in Carnegie Hall next Saturday afternoon, under the direction of Frank Damrosch. Old English and French dances of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries will be played. The programme shows clearly how often and with what countless variations the dance form is used by the old masters. Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, Wagner, and many others have woven their fancies about these old measures.

The Mozart No. 2, in G minor, is the symphony chosen by Walter Damrosch for performance at the sixth concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra, at Carnegie Hall, next Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon. The soloist will be Leo Schultz, violoncello, who will play Lindner's concerto. César Thomson, the Belgian violinist, who was to have been soloist at these concerts, is prevented by illness from coming to America. Other numbers on the programme are Debussy's pretty prelude,

"L'Après-midi d'un Faun"; his nocturne, "Fêtes," and the overture "Benvenuto Cellini" of Berlioz.

The Bruckner movement is growing apace in Germany. One can hardly take up a newspaper without seeing accounts of the performance of the symphonies of this unfortunate master, who was so long suppressed by the powerful Brahms faction.

Art.

Leonardo da Vinci's Note Books. Translated by Edward McCurdy. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$3.50 net.

It was distinctly worth while to publish, as Edward McCurdy has done, a selection, done into English and purchasable at a moderate price, from Leonardo da Vinci's Note Books. The more one studies these notes the more one is astonished at Leonardo's range of study and accuracy of observation. Of course, his method of accounting for things often seems, from our modern point of view, naïve and even ludicrous, and one needs to reflect on the state of science in his day to realize how far he was in advance of it. In observation he is scarcely ever wrong, and he saw and noted many things that we are accustomed to consider the discoveries of yesterday. In spite of his scientific turn of mind he evidently did not choose to paint all he saw, as is shown in the passage where, after describing with great minuteness the effect of transmitted light through leaves, he goes on: "Never represent leaves as though transparent in the sun, because they are always indistinct . . . and the imitation of it is to be avoided." Here his training in a kind of art dependent on clearness and beautiful precision comes into conflict with his observation of the confusion and mystery of nature, and we find him as resolutely sacrificing his knowledge of nature to his conception of art as might a decorator of to-day, who refrains from many things in his mural paintings which he perfectly knows to exist and which he would freely represent in a portrait or a *genre* picture. Bearing this in mind, we shall be the less surprised to find that the blue shadow, which was the great discovery of Impressionism, was known and thoroughly understood by Leonardo, though it had to wait four hundred years to find itself adopted by painting.

We have observed only two errors in Mr. McCurdy's contributions to the volume. In his description of Plate 4 he says:

The lines on the drawing are to show, *inter alia*, that the point about which the skull rotates is one-third the vertical distance from the level of the chin to the level of the crown of the head.

The drawing really shows the distance, as it is in nature, about one-fourth of the total height of the skull. On p. 28, after giving the statement of Antonio de Beatis, who saw Leonardo at Amboise in 1517, that "paralysis had attacked his right hand, and that, therefore, he could no longer paint with such sweetness as formerly, but still occupied himself in making drawings and giving instruction to others," Mr. McCurdy parenthetically inquires: "May the inference be that he then drew with the left hand? If so, he presumably used it in the

manuscripts, which are written backwards." Surely Mr. McCurdy should know that the internal evidence of the drawings themselves, as well as that of the manuscripts, has conclusively proved that Leonardo always worked with the left hand at every epoch of his life. This is so certain that the mere fact that a Leonardesque drawing is made in the ordinary way, with the right hand, is sufficient to exclude it from the catalogue of the authentic works of Leonardo; just as, conversely, the fact that they are drawn with a left-handed stroke (i. e., from left to right) has enabled Mr. Berenson to separate the drawings of Raffaele da Montelupo from those of Michelangelo and of Michelangelo's other imitators. The story of Leonardo's paralysis is, of course, possibly true, but it is most likely a mistaken inference from the left-handedness of the aged artist.

The first volume of the Humanists' Library, edited by Lewis Einstein and printed by D. B. Updike at the Merrymount Press, is so beautiful a piece of book-making that we may be pardoned for speaking of the form before the substance. Mr. Updike is using for this series a new font of "Montallegro" type, which was specially designed for him by Herbert P. Horne of London, and which the *Burlington Magazine* has praised as "perhaps the most perfect now in existence." There is, we may add, nothing fanciful in the shape of the letters, nothing to distract the mind from the sense of the words; the face is rather more open than the usual so-called artistic fonts. Mr. Horne also furnishes the title page and a series of initials. The paper and manufacture of the book are worthy of the letterpress. As the opening volume of a library for humanists the choice fell happily on "Leonardo da Vinci's Thoughts on Art and Life," which Maurice Baring has translated, and rearranged, from the selections edited by Dr. Edmondo Solmi (Leonardo da Vinci: "Frammenti Letterari e Filosofici," Florence, 1900). To these Mr. Einstein, the general editor, has prefixed an introductory essay, dwelling particularly on the union of the rational and the mystical, which, running through all the Italian Renaissance, finds its most perfect expression in the art of Leonardo. We shall follow the future volumes of this series with particular interest.

It is well that the author of a monograph on a painter should be a hearty admirer of that painter's work, but there is such a thing as admiring too heartily and too indiscriminately to be effective; and this is the case with the author of the latest issue of the Walter Scott-Scribner series of *The Makers of British Art*—Edgumbe Staley's "Lord Leighton." Leighton was a unique figure in England and a notable figure in the art of the nineteenth century, the only Englishman who ever had a complete academic education and one of the best of the academic painters anywhere in his time. He could draw superbly, and some of his works are rarely beautiful; but he was not without his faults. His color was lacking in fulness and resonance, and his composition in amplitude and spaciousness, while he was deeply bitten with the English rage for prettiness and sentiment; and he disfigured

some of the grandest of his Greek figures with doll-like English heads. Therefore, to have him held up constantly as the greatest of modern artists, the equal of Titian, while any derogatory criticism of him is treated as the result of spite and envy, is something monotonous. One must have enough clearness of perception to recognize an artist's shortcomings, if one is to have enough judgment to praise him intelligently. Thus it happens that Mr. Staley's praise is not only tiresome, but generally meaningless, and without any clear perception of the real quality of the work praised.

The Knackfuss monographs are valuable, even to those who do not care for or cannot read the text, as giving in convenient form a large number of illustrations of the works of a given artist. It is therefore a good thing that they may be had, in this city, of Lemcke & Buechner, though it would be a better if they were more frequently to be had in translation. The wide inclusiveness of the series is shown in the diverse subjects of two of the latest issues, the most attractive of primitives, Fra Angelico, and the most pompous and intolerable of German classicists, Kaulbach.

The publication of the first part of Prince d'Essling's work, "Les Livres à Figures Vénitiens de la Fin du XVe Siècle au Commencement du XVIe," is announced for March next. The work will be completed in four volumes folio, with numerous illustrations, including many in colors. The edition is limited to 300 copies at 500 francs the set.

While the spade of the archaeologist in Egypt has for decades been devoted to the discovery of pre-Christian remains, in recent months a successful investigation of Christian antiquities has been begun by Karl Maria Kaufmann, a merchant and savant of Frankfurt-on-the-Main. He has found in the so-called Mareotis desert, south of Alexandria, an extensive field of Christian ruins, including the remnants of the memorial church of the Alexandrian martyr Menas, two other Basilicas, and the site of a great Egyptian clay and pottery industry. A preliminary report has been published in a good-sized pamphlet, embellished with some fifty illustrations and sketches; and this is to be followed by a more exhaustive publication. A second archaeological expedition is to be sent out soon to this new field, the money being furnished by the city authorities of Frankfurt. The modern name of these ruins is Boumna Karm Abu'm; and the flourishing city that once occupied this place was still seen and described by an Arabian geographer of the tenth century. The excavations all took place during the year just closed. The Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which reports fully on this new field of archaeological treasures (Supplement No. 255), declares that doubtless richer finds will yet be made, and that what has been unearthed is of special importance as showing the close connection between the ecclesiastical architecture of the Western Roman Empire and that of the Oriental peoples.

There is an Institut de Carthage, which is doing its best to safeguard what remains of the famous city. We should say cities, since the Romans utterly ruined the town

of Dido and Hannibal before building up their own. This was second only to Rome in the empire. Then came Vandals and Byzantines, Moors and Moslems. In spite of all, an Arab historian of the twelfth century says the ruins were still a marble quarry for the whole world. By the seventeenth century nothing was left above ground but three cisterns, a broken aqueduct, a few fragments of walls, and scattered stones. Since 1837 various societies and individuals have carted away cases of columns, mosaics, statues by the dozen; and one man loaded a ship with 2,500 stelæ and such like—the ship sank under the weight. All this profited not even museums. More recent collections have gone to England and France; and since the French protectorate in Tunis, two local museums receive the finds of Père Delattre. Meanwhile, Tunis of nowadays is growing, and houses are covering the most promising fields of research. A systematic effort is to be made to bring to light and rescue what still remains in so interesting a site. A law of Parliament is asked in the interests of history and archaeology. The old Roman amphitheatre has already been dug out and used for an open-air classical play—Cornellie's "Polyeucte."

A new Velasquez, thought to be the portrait of Calábacas, has recently been discovered in France by Sir George Donaldson. The portrait, which has been lost sight of for nearly half a century, represents a youth about eighteen years of age standing erect with a miniature in the right hand. It is considered a fine example of the early middle period of the master.

F. Hopkinson Smith is holding an exhibition of his recent water-colors at Noé's gallery in this city, till January 26. The artist is a traveller, and his pictures are the records of days in Venice, England, Normandy, and Sweden. The good commonplace quality of most of this work is much the same as the artist has made familiar in previous exhibitions. A few of the pictures, such as Santa Barnabas and A Summer Morning, are, however, within the limits imposed by the manner of dealing with the medium, exceptionally good. A Summer Morning is charming in its blue and gray tone, the values of the distant Venice across the water are sure, and the handling throughout has considerable distinction. Santa Barnabas is also much better in tone than most of the work. There is a bold touch that makes the artist's impression emerge with admirable distinctness. The wonder remains that the artist does not bring more of his work up to the quality of his best.

An exhibition of etchings and dry-points by Whistler is open at Keppel's gallery in this city till February 6. Joseph Pennell has written an interesting introduction to the catalogue.

The Art Institute of Chicago has opened a new gallery, which is to be devoted solely to etchings and engravings. The nucleus of a permanent collection has been formed by the Nickerson collection, which was presented some time ago to the institute.

The seventy-fifth exhibition of the Boston Art Club is now in progress. There are 206 paintings and fourteen sculptures.

A retrospective exhibition of English water-colors of the eighteenth and nine-

teenth centuries is now open in Paris, at the Shirley galleries. The collection contains nearly one hundred works. There are five examples of Turner, ten or more of Rowlandson, several of De Wint, ten of John Cromé, and specimens of such painters as Bonington, Constable, Cotman, Cox, the two Cozenses, Gainsborough, Girtin, Morland, Muller, Prout, Romney, Varley, Wright, and others. The catalogue contains an admirable historical survey of British water-color work by Percy Moore Turner.

Hubert von Herkomer has been appointed professor of painting at the Royal Academy as successor to George Clausen. The vacant professorship of sculpture has been filled by the election of R. Colton, A.R.A.

Science.

Radioactive Transformations. By E. Rutherford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.

Had electricity been originally a scientific discovery, instead of our acquaintance with it growing up, as it did, out of matters of common knowledge—such as the attraction of rubbed amber for bits of straw—it would have ranked, in every way, as the very greatest of the gifts of science to man. But electricity being so ruled out, the most important and astounding of all strictly scientific discoveries, thus far, has been that made in 1898, by Madame Curie, of the metal radium, notwithstanding the trifling radioactivity of some uranium compounds having been detected by Henri Becquerel two years earlier. For what would any physicist or chemist have said, on the previous Christmas Day, to a suggestion that perhaps the most tremendous force active in nature all about us might have escaped our notice? At the time, of course, no action was known to liberate more energy, weight for weight, than the combination of hydrogen and oxygen. Had his interlocutor then informed him that there was a spontaneous decomposition (meaning that of the actinium atom, for example) that gives out more heat per pound of the substance than any combustion, he might dubiously have inquired, "How much more?" to which the true answer would have been, "Millions of times more." For a single pound of radium emanation would liberate in all sixty thousand times the energy of a horsepower working for twenty-four hours, and half of this would be given off in the first four days after its preparation. Something like this, and tenfold more, has been told of the radioactive bodies a thousand times and one; and the theme is not yet worn out. Indeed, the facts are so exorbitant that some reiteration is needed before any ordinary mind can fully realize that they are no more than simple truth.

The exquisite experimental researches which have brought the known facts to light are agreeably and most lucidly described by Prof. E. Rutherford of Montreal, the author of most of them, in his latest volume, "Radioactive Transformations," being the third of the series of "Mrs. Hep- sa Ely Silliman Memorial Lectures." His

conclusions are in brief that radium is a metal, closely similar to barium, except that it is still heavier and is continually shooting forth certain invisible rays, called alpha-rays, which seem to consist of atoms of the new gas, helium. The residue of the radium, after the emission of these atoms of helium, is a heavy gas, called the "radium emanation," which is apparently another chemical element. The transmutation takes place at such a rate that it is an even chance whether any one atom of radium, no matter how long it has existed, will or will not still exist as radium at the end of thirteen centuries; and this rate is maintained whether the radium be in a hot oven or be plunged into liquid air, or be in chemical combination. About a dozen elements are known to give off alpha-rays, and to be transmuted in consequence, but each at its own characteristic rate.

The immediate result of the transmutation, or, as we had better phrase it, the immediate residue after the first shooting forth of helium-atoms, from a substance, like radium, that emits nothing else, may itself emit helium and nothing else. In fact, this happens more often than not; and when this does happen, the new helium-emitting substance is transformed more rapidly than was the substance from whose disintegration it resulted. If, however, the residuum no longer emits rays, its further disintegration takes place a little slower. But it still takes place, and results in a new element, and not in an allotropic form of the same element; whence one infers that it did emit helium, though only helium of too low velocity to be electrically detected. For the rays are best detected by their rendering the air a conductor of electricity. The residue after the disintegration of such apparently rayless atoms is, in four out of five cases, an element that emits, whether along with alpha-rays (as it does in the exceptional case and three others) or without these, a kind of rays called beta-rays, composed of separate corpuscles, such as are contained by the thousand in every hydrogen atom. They are no doubt electrons. Elements emitting beta-rays quickly disintegrate, especially if they also give off alpha-rays. These facts are shown by a diagram on page 169 of this volume. The beta-rays once given off, freeing the substance from loose corpuscles that are necessarily a factor of disturbance to the system of the atom, we always find the residue to have gained greatly in stability and endurance.

Since radium is half destroyed in thirteen centuries, it would have been long ago completely used up were it not produced anew. It very likely comes from uranium, or perhaps from thorium. But still the same difficulty recurs. It would seem that whatever radioactive element was first formed must by this time have disappeared. Atoms may have been at first as large as cannon-balls or as planets, but have become reduced by the same process that is to-day destroying the individual radium atoms. Dr. Boltwood thinks that all these metals finally become lead; and it is possible that even that is radioactive, though we cannot observe it.

The tenth volume of "Œuvres de Christiaan Huygens," published by the Holland

Scientific Society, has recently been delivered to subscribers in this country. It is the final volume of the correspondence, giving the letters to and from Huygens and his friends from 1691 to the time of his death in 1695. His most important correspondent during that time is undoubtedly Leibniz, whose last letter, written a few days before the death of Huygens, the latter probably never saw. Like the preceding volumes, this concluding one is a state-ly quarto (816 pages), beautifully printed, and copiously annotated. The indexes deserve especial mention. They extend over sixty-seven pages and contain: (1) A chronological list of letters; (2) an alphabetical list of correspondents; (3) a list of persons mentioned in the correspondence (Newton 123 times, Leibniz 233 times); (4) a list of works cited or mentioned; (5) an admirably complete analytical table of contents. While the correspondence is mainly on mathematical and scientific themes, there is hardly an interest of the times that is not reflected in the letters.

In his recent volume, "Documents Scientifiques de la Mission Saharienne," M. F. Focureau, describes his desert explorations, the land of the Tuaregs, the circuit around Lake Chad, and a descent of the Shria and Ubangi Rivers. He also gives valuable details of astronomical and meteorological observations made during the trip. Indeed, the fascicules now published (parts i., ii., and iii.) relate to the scientific results of the expedition, a popular account of which was published soon after his return. He gives an excellent description of the water systems, the topography of the district, and the geological action of local winds. For thirty years M. Focureau has traversed the Sahara in all directions, but his ambition to penetrate to the Sudan had always been foiled by the Tuaregs, fierce and fanatical towards all foreigners, especially Europeans. A larger fund than ordinary becoming available a few years since, he was enabled to gather a small army, of about 300, with 1,000 camels. Thus equipped, he could be independent of warlike tribes. His astronomical observations are perhaps more nearly geodetic in character, and naturally limited to the determination of station positions. For longitudes, reliance was mainly placed upon methods used at sea, supplemented by a few occultations and phenomena of Jupiter's satellites. Of greater general interest are the meteorological and climatic observations, spread as they were over a large area. Many important points relating to Lake Chad are noted, and this "lake of mystery" is studied as to its currents, and the saline quality of its many lagoons.

Gaston Bonnier has submitted to the Académie des Sciences the results of his experiments in the distribution of labor among bees. He marked the bees with different colored talc powders on back, head, and abdomen, sufficiently to identify them. One bee starts out prospecting and finds a new patch of honey-bearing flowers. It goes back to the hive and returns with a certain number of honey-gatherers, organizing a regular service back and forth. The number of gatherers is proportioned to that of the flowers; that is, while the bees may not be able to count, they certainly can esti-

mate the amount of work before them. When the flowers are far from the hive each bee carries a correspondingly smaller load. On mountain heights bees flying at a higher altitude are more heavily laden than those at a lower. Bees applied to one definite branch of work never turn aside to another; the water-providers never stop to gather at a sugar syrup. On the other hand, those gathering honey from flowers will not touch water offered them, even when it is needed in the hive for the rearing of the larvæ. M. Bonnier argues from all this that there must be some general understanding among the bees for seeking and transporting provisions so as to realize the best distribution of labor on the flowers in the minimum of time.

A synopsis of the Report of the Naval Observatory superintendent has been sent out, containing an account of achievement up to July 1, 1906. Until his retirement on February 28 last, Rear Admiral Colby M. Chester, U. S. Navy, was superintendent, when the duties were assumed by Rear-Admiral Asa Walker, U. S. Navy. The work of the Department of Chronometers and Time Service, and the Compass Office, are reported; and in the Nautical Almanac Office, the work is said to be well up to date. The ephemeris of Phœbe, the ninth satellite of Saturn, is now given for the first time in the American Ephemeris.

"The Importance of the Early Discovery and Treatment of Defectives in Special Public School Classes," an address delivered last November before the Public Education Association of Philadelphia, by Dr. Walter E. Fernald, superintendent of the Massachusetts School for the Feeble-Minded, has been issued as a pamphlet by the association.

Cambridge (England) needs a new museum of anthropology and is preparing to erect a building at a cost of £25,000, apart from maintenance and the purchase of books and specimens. The university, unable to bear the whole expense of the undertaking, has made an appeal for subscriptions.

Prof. H. C. Parker of Columbia University, working with W. G. Clark, has invented an incandescent lamp which he hopes will revolutionize electric lighting. He says that it has forty-five times the efficiency of the ordinary lamp with a carbon filament. The new filament which Professor Parker calls helion, because its spectrum is similar to that of helium, is composed largely of silicon. The other ingredients are not divulged. A current that will give only a dull red color to the carbon filament makes the new lamp burn with a bright white light.

been dispelled by the events of November; when news from the West made it plain that the transportation lines were not able to do the business that crowded on them. One day the country would hear the complaint of wheat growers, whose grain was rotting on the ground because there were not storehouses enough and because the railways would not provide cars. The next day one heard of towns in the Dakotas shutting down schools and churches because the railways would not or could not bring coal. Another day, the cotton merchants would be accusing the railways of holding back the crop from the Eastern markets. All this time huge freight trains clogged every siding of the railways, and at intervals sent forward on the main track without due precautions collided with fast passenger trains and brought the succession of disasters which culminated on the Southern Railway, in the tragic death of President Spencer himself.

The truth was, that the railways were doing the best they could; but that with all their enlarged facilities, they could not keep pace with the amazing expansion of internal trade. Some experts laid the blame on inadequate car equipment or motive power; some, like President A. B. Stickney of the Chicago Great Western, on the unreasonable demand of shippers to have their goods all transported at once; others, like President James J. Hill of the Great Northern, on the failure of the railways to provide track enough for a "boom time." Mr. Hill's idea became generally accepted; yet even here, opinion differed radically as to cause. Mr. Hill himself complains to the governor of Minnesota that legislative hostility to railways has scared away capitalists and prevented the companies from raising the necessary funds. Others have flatly challenged this theory, and asserted that the recent slowness of railway-building compared with twenty years ago—a fact which even Mr. Hill admits—is the inevitable consequence of the policy of railway financiers in discouraging the building of competitive lines and in devoting available resources to buying up rival lines and strengthening existing tracks. By no means all of the railway experts concurred with Mr. Hill's declaration of November that "115,000 to 120,000 miles of track must be built at once"—three times as much as was laid down in all of the ten years prior to 1906—or, as he added, that "1,000,000,000 a year for five years will scarcely suffice"—which is twice as large an outlay per annum as has been made since 1900. But all have agreed that the railways must apply themselves at once to providing these absolutely necessary facilities.

Consequently, no one had reason to be surprised at the successive announcements of a \$65,000,000 stock issue by the Great Northern, \$95,000,000 by the Northern Pacific, \$100,000,000 by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, and finally, within a few days, \$200,000,000—of which, however, one-half may be stock reserved to take up the other half, originally issued in the form of bonds—by the Pennsylvania.

When these stock issues were first rumored, Wall Street was in a fever of speculative excitement. It declared that, since the new stock was to be sold to shareholders at par, when the existing stock was quoted on the market between 150 and 300, the offer of such profitable

Finance.

THE RAILROADS AND THE MONEY MARKET.

Nothing is more characteristic of Wall Street than the contrast between its state of mind now and a little more than a month ago. At that time, financial circles knew perfectly well that certain large railways must soon borrow money on an enormous scale. Any doubt on this point would have

"rights" or "subscription privileges" would make the old stock still more valuable, and therefore push Stock Exchange prices higher still. And in anticipation of this output of three or four hundred-million dollars in the new securities prices actually were advanced. Before long, however, the other side of the question presented itself, and the market began to ask: If the supply of stocks is to be so enormously increased, and demand does not increase proportionately, how can prices hold up? Every one knows what happens when an extensive new supply of wheat or cotton or iron comes suddenly on a market which has pretty much provided for its needs already. The result of this altered point of view was the rapid fall in Stock Exchange prices in December, and the total absence, thus far this month, of the traditional "January boom."

The Pennsylvania Railroad's \$200,000,000 announcement, a week ago, seemed for a time to be the *coup-de-grâce*. People remembered how, at exactly this time in 1903, that company announced that it would issue \$150,000,000 new securities; how it offered half of this to its shareholders at 120, when the old stock had just sold above 150; how the market price fell below 120 before the subscription day; how the operation narrowly escaped failure, and how the whole market straightway fell into the "rich men's panic" of 1903. There are many reasons why the precedent of that period cannot be accepted offhand; the situation in general is in many ways different and in many ways stronger. The point of analogy which undoubtedly holds, however, is that demand for new capital

has plainly outrun supply; and that while requirements of active industry and speculative inflation on the Stock Exchange had been absorbing like a sponge the decreasing stock of capital, railways had been making expensive contracts for new construction which they could no longer postpone, and for which they soon had to file their applications in the money market.

This has been as true of the present season as of four years ago. The result, in 1903, was that the railways had to borrow on their notes, at exorbitant interest, until the liquidation on Wall Street, and in general trade, had released enough capital to make their problem easy again. We have already begun to hear of borrowing on notes this year; probably we shall hear more of it. The larger question is, what will be the limit of the railway borrowings which have started out so formidably? To this question no one has yet been able to give a confident answer.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Abbott, Frances. Birds and Flowers about Concord, New Hampshire. Concord, N. H.: Rumford Printing Co.
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